The Outlook

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UNTANGLING NEW YORK'S SUBWAY SNARL

For several months the plans for building new subways in New York City have seemed to be in a deadlock. Out of the confusion has now come a plan which may really lead to construction. This is a plan that has been prepared by a sub-committee of the financial body of the city, the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. In order to understand what this plan is and what it signifies, one must have in mind the conditions from which it has been evolved. In the city of New York there are about as many people as in the entire State of Ohio, which is the fourth largest State in the Union. To such a great mass of people crowded within the limited area of a single city, the question of local transit is of the gravest importance. This is particularly true in a city with New York's peculiar geographical formation. The living conditions of millions of people will be determined for good or evil very largely according to the wisdom or unwisdom with which more subways are planned and built. So sorely, however, do the people need more subways that a great proportion of them have expressed a demand for such subways with little reference as to plan of route, of form, or of cost to the city. The Public Service Commission, which has jurisdiction over the public utilities of the city, prepared plans for new subways according to what was known as the Tri-Borough Route, and proposed that the city should proceed with construction. Thereupon the Interborough Company, which operates the present municipal subway, proposed an alternative route. Inasmuch as this company appeared to be, and apparently thought itself to be, the only corporation strong enough financially to operate any future subways, it seemed to be in a position to take advantage of the people's necessity. Its proposal was evidently of a great deal more advantage to itself than to the city. Unexpectedly, another company, which operates the tunnels under the Hudson River, put in a competitive bid. This, not having been accepted within a certain designated time, expired by its own term; but by this bid the city was informed of the fact that it did not have to depend solely upon the Interborough Company. It was not, therefore, altogether surprising when, later, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, a concern which has virtual monopoly of transit lines in Brooklyn, appeared as a competitor of the Interborough Company. Thereupon began a warfare of advertisement and appeals to public opinion between these two transit companies.

SUBWAY COMPETITION

Under the warm glow of these competitive appeals for public favor, the self-respect of New Yorkers sprouted and grew abundantly. Up to this time the Interborough had been in the position of one whose favor had to be sought by the people's representatives. Now, suddenly, the people themselves were overcome with the importunity of the Interborough and its rival. It was a refreshing experience, and the people of New York enjoyed it for several weeks. Meanwhile the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, whose approval is necessary for the adoption of any subway plan, had the two plans under consideration, and committed to three Borough Presidents, Messrs. McAneny, of Manhattan, Cromwell, of Richmond, and Miller, of the Bronx, the duty of drafting a recommendation. This sub-committee has now made its report, and has shown its wisdom by a recommendation that the city keep both companies in the field as rivals for future favors. Put very briefly and inadequately, this report accepts in part the bid of each company, allowing to each three independent contracts, so adjusted that they will form with the present subway parts of a single comprehensive system, and proposes that any contract declined by the one rival may be offered to the other; and, finally, declares that if both companies reject this plan of division the city should proceed with the building of the original Tri-Borough Route. The lesson which other cities may learn from New York's experience lies on the surface of this narrative. In matters of operation there is great advantage in a single unified system, operated by a single dominant company, provided that the public interest is protected by stringent and effective governmental regulation. In the building of routes, on the other hand, regulation is not as effective. No governmental agency can command private companies to lay out new routes and invest new capital. So long, therefore, as a municipality depends upon private capital to operate its transit routes, it will find that, while dependent upon regulation for the control of present operations, it will do well, in planning new constructions, not to let slip the principle of competition.

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THE DIRECT ELECTION OF SENATORS

There is no proposed National legislation in which there is more general agreement than that which would bring about the election of United States Senators by direct popular vote. A step forward in this was taken last week when the Senate voted, 64 to 24, to pass a resolution in favor of amending the Constitution after the necessary approval by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States. The Senate also adopted the Bristow amendment to the resolution, but only after a tie vote of 44 to 44, which was broken by Vice-President Sherman, who, to his honor and credit, courageously cast his deciding ballot in favor of the amendment. As already pointed out, this amendment is of as great importance as the resolution itself, for its omission would hand over to the Legislatures of the States the sole control of the manner and times of holding the elections. Unfortunately, the House of Representatives passed the resolution in favor of the direct vote for Senators without adding the principle contained in the Bristow amendment. Before the amendment can be submitted to the States for ratification it will therefore be necessary for the two houses of Congress to come to an agreement on this point. The power of the United States Government over Congressional elections should certainly be retained; if the State Legislatures were to act independently of one another and of the General Government, all kinds of confusion might result; not only would there be inconvenience through lack of uniformity, but it is quite conceivable that State laws relating to the franchise might be passed which might prove a National menace. It is not proposed, as some seem to imagine, to bestow new or revolutionary powers upon the Federal Government, but merely to preserve the powers which have always existed, since the framing of the Constitution, as to the election both of Senators and Representatives. There is nothing in the proposed retention of power by Congress that threatens in the least the armed interference at the polls which Senator Johnson, of Alabama, predicted. Every intelligent person who has studied the question will join Senator McCumber, of North Dakota, in declaring that direct election of Senators would not prove a panacea of all evils, but most intelligent persons will dissent from his conclusion that therefore it is undesirable. There is no panacea for the evils of corruption. But that members of the National Legislature in both branches should be chosen by the vote of the people themselves rather than by the Legislatures has been shown by experience to be eminently desirable. Such a method, if it will not altogether destroy the possibilities of wrong-doing, will, the country is convinced, at least materially lessen it.

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A DISTINGUISHED NEGRO

William H. Lewis, Esq., a Negro, and one of the best-known lawyers of Boston, has just been confirmed by the United States Senate as Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. Mr. Lewis's appointment to this highly honorable and responsible office was made two months ago. His confirmation has been delayed by opposition on the part of some of the Southern Democratic Senators, who objected to the appointment, not because of any doubt regarding Mr. Lewis's special capacity and fitness for the position, but because they entertained the curious superstition, all too prevalent in the South, that the placing of educated and gifted Negroes in high official positions must somehow or other have a harmful influence upon the Negro race in the South. The new Assistant Attorney-General is a little over forty years of age, and was born in Virginia of parents who were formerly slaves. He graduated from Amherst College in 1892, where he was not only a prize-winner of exceptional distinction, but a college athlete of influence and high rank. After leaving Amherst he entered the Harvard Law School, where he played football on the Harvard team, being recognized throughout the country as one of the best football " centers " of his time. How he was regarded personally by his fellow-students at Harvard, sometimes called the most aristocratic of American colleges, is indicated by a little incident in his college life at Cambridge. A local barber of the white race was believed by the undergraduates to have offered an intentional slight to Mr. Lewis on account of his color. The undergraduates thereupon, practically in a body, boycotted this particular barber-shop until it was made plain that Mr. Lewis would be treated in that shop like any other undergraduate. Mr. Lewis has been a member of the Boston Bar since 1895, and has had an honorable record in his profession. He has been a member of the Cambridge City Council and of the Massachusetts Legislature, in which he was a member of the responsible Committee on the Judiciary. Since 1903 he has been Assistant United States District Attorney in Boston, and his success in legal arguments in court is no doubt due partly to his marked gifts as a public speaker. We believe that Mr. Lewis's appointment will be regarded generally by Amherst and Harvard men as reflecting credit on their respective institutions, and it goes far to substantiate Dr. Booker Washington's admirable doctrine that the Negro who quietly and patiently develops his own character and his own gifts, whether it be in a profession or in a trade or in business, will sooner or later command the respect, the trust, and the recognition of his white neighbors.

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ENCOURAGING NEWS FROM CHINA

One of the most important pieces of news from the Orient which has been published for a long time has just been announced, not in the news columns, but in the advertising columns of the New York daily newspapers. We refer to the fact that four of the greatest and most responsible financial institutions in the United States (and that in these days means in the world) have just offered for sale $7,500,000 worth of Chinese Government bonds, as the portion at present allotted to this country of the recently negotiated Imperial Chinese Government loan. The proceeds of this loan, which is represented by five per cent forty-year gold bonds, are to be used for the purpose of building some Chinese Government railway lines in the two Chinese provinces of Hunan and Hupei. As we understand the announcement, the total loan is limited by the Chinese Government to £10,000,000, or $50,000,000, the amount to be borrowed in cash for this year being, as we have noted above, $7,500,000, in England, Germany, France, and the United States respectively. The financial details of the loan, excellent as they are, do not, however, constitute the feature to which we wish especially to draw the attention of our readers. The important feature, in our judgment, is that the American assignment of the loan is managed, and therefore to a certain extent guaranteed, by Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Co., the First National Bank of New York, and the National City Bank of New York. These underwriters, together with their European correspondents, represent such vast and widespread interests that this loan may be justly regarded as the strongest kind of guarantee of the integrity and permanency of what may be called Chinese Nationalism. As our readers know, The Outlook believes in Chinese Nationalism and wishes to see everything done in this country that may properly be done to help the Chinese people to develop their national feeling and to maintain the integrity of their Empire as opposed, on the one hand, to either Russian or Japanese domination, and, on the other, to the so-called "spheres of influence," usually selfish and conflicting, of the European Powers. American banks and bankers are so often criticised on political grounds that we are glad of the opportunity of saying that Mr. Morgan, Mr. Jacob Schiff, Mr. Vanderlip, and Mr. Baker, the bankers whose institutions have negotiated the American part of this loan, have, with the support and approval of the United States Government, performed a service in international politics that deserves to be called statesmanlike.

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THE COMMENCEMENT SEASON

That portion of the press which is not friendly to efforts to remedy the failures of democracy by more democracy has seen grist for its mill in a portion of President Butler's address to the new graduates of Columbia University. Undue prominence has thus been given to his characterization of the present period as "the age of the crowd and the demagogue," a time of demagoguery in politics, literature, and religion, expressed in a torrent of irrational talk, to stand firm against which the better educated have to struggle. Periods of change are regularly so featured. The dominant thought in Dr. Butler's address to men and women whom the higher education has called to leadership in the community was that all sound thinking for things to come must spring from deep-rooted respect for what has lasted and served well through past generations. "The true and most useful type of conservative bases his character upon old facts, but accepts new facts as a reason for things." At the alumni luncheon President Butler mentioned as the principal event of the year the agreement made between the Medical School and the Presbyterian Hospital. The University had received in gifts during the year somewhat over two and a half million dollars. The degrees conferred in course, nearly fifteen hundred in all, exceeded the number in any preceding year. In the list appear ten Chinese students, one of them a woman. Among the recipients of honorary degrees were Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, Senator of France, the distinguished promoter of international arbitration, and (last January) Professor Ernst Daenell, of the University of Kiel, the Kaiser Wilhelm Professor this year in Columbia. These, with Mr. Alonzo B. Hepburn, President of the New York Chamber of Commerce, Governor Baldwin, of Connecticut, and Columbia's veteran Professor of Chemistry, Charles Frederick Chandler, received the LL.D. That it is just fifty years since the building of Vassar College began was recalled at its forty-sixth commencement, which also completed a quarter-century of Dr. Taylor's presidency. Under him the College has prospered greatly, and his address was remarkable for the further advance it proposed—the creation of a new department, with its distinct faculty, for the development of a moral and spiritual social life. For this addition to the College a large sum would be required. It will occasion discussion among the many who applaud the end in view, but ask whether it is more attainable through a special department than by a general elevation of all departments. Perhaps the former would conduce to the latter. The one hundred and sixty-fourth class graduating from Princeton numbered two hundred and twenty-one men, one of the largest in the history of the institution. Among the recipients of the eight honorary degrees was Professor de Groot, Professor of the Chinese Language and Archæology in the University of Leyden, who was made Doctor of Laws, as was also Mr. John R. Mott, the able and very effective Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association movement in foreign missions. Among the Doctors of Divinity created by the University were the Rev. Charles L. Thompson, of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church; Bishop Lines, of Newark; and Dr. Hugh Black, of the Union Theological Seminary in New York.

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THE NEW PRESIDENT OF WELLESLEY

The question of a successor to President Hazard, which has deeply interested the graduates of Wellesley for many months past, has been answered by the election of Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton, Dean and Acting President of the College. This selection is along the line of promotion for long-continued and expert service. With the exception of a year spent at Cambridge University, England, Miss Pendleton has been connected with Wellesley ever since her graduation. For many years she was a teacher of mathematics, and was regarded as one of its most capable and successful instructors. In 1897 she was elected Treasurer of the College, and in 1910 was appointed Dean, continuing as an associate professor in the Department of Mathematics. During the past year she has been virtually President of the College, and in that position, as in her work as Dean, displayed remarkable familiarity with every department of the College work and unusual executive ability. She is a woman of thorough education and of a very interesting and attractive personality, and her advancement was the natural outcome of her long and faithful service of the institution. There had been a good deal of discussion as to whether a man or a woman should be elected to the presidency, and whether, in case it was decided that Miss Hazard should be followed by a woman, that woman should be a graduate of the institution. In announcing the election, Dr. Capen, President of the Board of Trustees, emphasized Miss Pendleton's rare fitness for the position of President and the thoroughness with which she had been tested in various capacities by the work of a quarter of a century. The appointment was received with great favor by the undergraduates, and has the very cordial confirmation of the alumnæ of the institution.

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AN INSPIRING TEACHER

The death of Professor Hiram Corson ends one of the longest and most fruitful careers of academic service in this country. He was one of the remarkable group of students and scholars in English literature whose presence and work gave quality to the teaching at Cornell University in its earliest days. Professor Corson was one of the foremost English scholars of his time, but, above all, a man saturated with the literary spirit who taught literature as literature, and not as material for philology, grammar, or history. He was born in Philadelphia in 1828, had a fine training in mathematics at the hands of his father, spent some time at a school of high rank in Norristown, Pennsylvania, where he made notable attainments as a mathematician, became connected with the reporting group in the United States Senate in 1849, was secretary to Lewis Cass, and was called the following year to the service of the Library of the Smithsonian Institution. In 1870 he was chosen Professor of Rhetoric, Oratory, and English Literature in Cornell University, a chair which he held until 1890, when, owing to the extension of the work of the department, he became Professor of English Literature, retiring to accept the position of Professor Emeritus in 1903. Dr. Corson was not a formal teacher of the old-fashioned kind. His methods were individual, his views were independent, and his inspiration was peculiarly his own, but had its source in his literary insight, his devotion to literary ideals, his knowledge of English, and his intimacy with the best in every department. He was an expert in his knowledge of Shakespeare, Browning, and Chaucer. Perhaps no American did more to interpret Browning to readers on this continent. To hear him read was itself an introduction to the innermost genius of the writer he interpreted. A long list of books bear his name, but he was not a text-book teacher. Those who measured instruction by the facts they received must often have counted him an indifferent teacher; but those who estimated the value of instruction by its inspirational quality counted themselves fortunate if they were permitted to study literature under his direction.

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POLO

In 1886 an International Polo Cup was presented to American and British polo-players by the Westchester Polo Club of Newport, Rhode Island. It was competed for during that year at Newport, and was won by the British. In 1902 and 1909 it was competed for in England at the Hurlingham grounds, London; the British won in 1902 and the Americans in 1909. This year it was competed for again in this country, as the homeland of the latest winning team.

The championship matches took place at the Meadowbrook Club grounds, Westbury, Long Island, New York. The English team consisted of Captains Lloyd, Wilson, Cheape, and Mr. Edwards; the American, of Mr. H. P. Whitney, Mr. Devereux Milburn, Mr. L. Waterbury, and Mr. J. M. Waterbury, Jr. The time of game was one hour of actual play, divided into eight periods of seven and a half minutes each. The Americans won two games out of the possible three; the first by a goal and a half, the second by one goal. The third game was thus made unnecessary. The event was notable not more by reason of this gratification to American pride than because of its exhibition of two features. First, of National characteristics: as to deliberateness, accuracy, and reliability, British players appear to be the best horsemen in the world; as to quickness and dash, Americans are their superiors. The respective characteristics of the two races are thus evident. During the championship games at Meadowbrook, not once was any one of the English team out of the saddle, and their mounts were under absolute control; but each of the American players was thrown or unseated from his horse on one or more occasions. Second, there was an impressive exhibition of real sportsmanship. Not only did the teams fairly outdo each other in generous appreciation of each other's good points, but in the fiercest scrimmages of the game there was almost a "leaning over backwards" in order to be fair. For instance, in one of the games the Americans made a "protested goal." Neither of the field umpires saw it. The goal umpire decided that a fair goal was scored. Most of the players did not seem to think that it was a fair goal. The umpire for the English team settled all further arguments, however, by saying: "I don't think the goal umpire's decision should be questioned. If it is satisfactory to you gentlemen, I am sure it is satisfactory to the English team." Again, at the beginning of one of the periods of the first game, a member of the American team was late in riding on to the ground in response to the call-bell. The ball had already been thrown, but it was thrown out immediately by the captain of the English team, who refused to take advantage of the ball so long as the American team was incomplete. Between twenty thousand and twenty-five thousand spectators were present at each of the games, and so much enthusiasm was shown as to suggest that polo may become more of a National sport in this country. It has generally been supposed to be a very rich man's game. But any man who can keep two saddle-horses in his stable can afford to play polo. Henceforth polo conditions here will doubtless more nearly approach those abroad. This is to be hoped especially as regards the army. In England practice in polo has long been regarded as advantageous to the average cavalry officer's horsemanship. In addition, in actual conflict, polo ponies have sometimes accomplished better results than do the big military chargers. In America there is every advantage for breeding the best polo ponies, something which has been done so far only on a small scale. The number of existing polo clubs in this country, however, is larger than is generally known, the popularity of the game being already extended over the entire continent. A championship league is projected to embrace every State in the Union. This need not signify what "League baseball" does. Most polo-players will agree, we think, with that veteran player, Mr. Henry Lloyd Herbert, President of the American Polo Association, and popularly known as "The Father of Polo in America," who would make it possible for every one to see the game, as he did at Meadowbrook, but deprecates anything which would tend to bring the game into "professionalism" or take from it its present character of an amateur's clean and manly sport.

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THE CHARITIES CONFERENCE On Thursday, June 8, the thirty-eighth National Conference of Charities and Correction began its meetings in Boston, and continued them for a week. To give any account in brief of the sessions of such a body as this is as impossible as to report in a few hundred words a week of lectures in a college. In fact, the modern conference of specialists, like this, or like the National Education Association, or like the Religious Education Association, is very much like the sessions of an elaborately organized educational institution. It is composed of general sessions open to the public, and of special sectional meetings designed for those delegates who are interested or engaged in some specific kind of work. The very fact that such is the character of this particular Conference is an indication of the expansion that has taken place in the very idea of charity. This development of the idea that lies behind philanthropic and social work was one of the points that Mr. Homer Folks made in his address as President of the Conference. Perhaps the two most noteworthy features of that development are, first, the change from emphasis on cure to emphasis on prevention; and, second, the change from almost complete dependence upon institutions as agencies of philanthropy to reliance upon many other forces than the merely institutional. One of the most striking utterances of the Conference related to the element of prevention. It was the speech of the President Emeritus of Harvard, Mr. Eliot. In particular, the great weight of his influence was lent to the doctrine that something should be done to prevent those who are inherently and habitually criminal from propagating their kind. This view which he expressed was one point in an extensive programme which he advocated for the prevention, as distinct from the cure, of crime. So day after day, and in section upon section, the various topics were discussed. Such a Conference as this, it is scarcely necessary to say, is a distinctive product of Christian civilization. This organized and determined altruism in practical form is not to be found as the result of Confucianism or Buddhism or Mohammedanism. It is a unique fruit of Christianity. And yet it was obvious that with this gathering of some fifteen hundred social workers the Christian Church as such had little to do. At the meeting devoted to the Church and Social Work there were present comparatively few ministers from Boston and the vicinity; and apart from that particular session there was little reference to the Church. It is time that the churches as such gave heed to this product of their own faith; and it is time, too, that those who are engaged in this work gave some thought to the institution from whose faith all their activities have ultimately sprung.

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THE NORMAN MILLENARY

Last week the ancient city of Rouen in Normandy celebrated the thousandth anniversary of the conquest of that great Province by the northern pirates. As was appropriate, a principal contributor to the celebration was Norway. It marked the inroad of the Northmen by sending a restored copy of the Viking ship found at Oseberg. This kind of a ship, for a century, was the type seen in the French rivers, carrying destruction in its course, until finally the Frankish Emperor gave up the land to them. What a time that was and what names those were!—Robert the Devil, Richard the Fearless, and Rolf the Bold. At the same time their brethren, under Canute and Sweyn, were ravaging the British shores. We do not always remember that the Northmen took their ships elsewhere, too, around the Atlantic coast into the Mediterranean to Sicily, where some of them stayed and made their mark in the history of that island; out to Iceland and Greenland, and even to America; down the Russian rivers to Novgorod, from which they penetrated even to Constantinople. But no land knew them as well as did Normandy. There they made their first permanent settlement, a settlement which proved that the Northmen were not only ruthless conquerors but able administrators. The combination of a Norman type on Gallic soil has meant much in history; how much was brought out last week in various addresses delivered at the Rouen celebration, in which, we are pleased to see, our own country took prominent part. At one of the Rouen meetings last week Professor Charles H. Haskins, Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences at Harvard, presided and read a paper throwing light upon Norman institutions of the twelfth century. Mr. Olaf Ray, representing the Sons of Norway at Chicago, contributed a paper on the Vikings. Mr. Bacon, American Ambassador at Paris, was also present at the exercises. Much curiosity was aroused by the exhibition of the stone dated 1362, loaned by the Minnesota Historical Society, purporting to show the presence of Norsemen in America before the advent of Columbus.

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INTERESTING HISTORIANS

The ancient controversy between the historians who are purely scholars and the historians who are also men of letters breaks out afresh from time to time; generally in the form of a renewal of the suspicion that if a historian is interesting he cannot be accurate. The same suspicion is spread abroad from time to time in regard to scholars who happen to be endowed with literary feeling or with the sense of humor. It is extremely difficult for some gentlemen of the dry-as-dust persuasion to believe that Professor Lounsbury and Dr. Furness, for instance, are thoroughgoing scholars, because both have a genius for being interesting. It is true that historians with the literary sense are not always impeccable; but it is also true that historians the reading of whose books is like traveling through a dry and thirsty land are often mistaken in their facts; and if one is to be misled it is a great deal pleasanter to be misled in paths that are pleasant and ways that are smooth than in a rocky country where there is no water. A high historical authority, the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, in an address at Union University last week, declared that there is no incompatibility between the literary treatment of history and the scientific treatment. He went so far as to affirm that " a historical teacher or writer may be delightful to listen to or to read and yet may be a master of critical methods and of the facts of his subject." " Neither is there," he said, " any incompatibility between a thorough and minute handling of details and a grasp of general principles." He defined one of the chief functions of history as the description and explanation of individuals. " Individuality," he said, " is still precious, and great individuals have been very few. The greatest historians are those who combined a wide sweep of vision with a complete mastery of details, and who have been able to set forth both the details and the principles in a way which makes them stimulate the thought and touch the imagination and live in the memory of the reader." These words will put courage in those readers of history who find themselves from time to time beguiled by the literary charm of some important historian, but who are tempted to believe that because his manners are agreeable he must lack character. Such persons ought to remember that this doctrine has been spread abroad mainly by gentlemen devoid of the gift of literary manners.

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THE WORKING OF THE WEEKS LAW

The first agreement has now been signed between the Federal Government and a State providing for co-operation under the Weeks Law. This law is the result of a decade's campaigning to save the White Mountain and Appalachian forests. The provisions, however, of the new law are of even wider application, we are glad to say. Besides providing $10,000,000 for the purchase, for conservation purposes, of lands located on the head-waters of navigable streams during the years until 1915, these provisions empower the Secretary of Agriculture to co-operate with any State in the protection of forested watersheds at the source of those streams. The State, however, must have provided by law for a system of forest fire protection and have appropriated funds for making it effective. No State is to have an amount larger than its own appropriation for the same purpose. For such co-operation the law contemplates the expenditure of two hundred thousand dollars. The first agreement to be signed is appropriately that with New Hampshire, for within the bounds of that State the White Mountains are situated, and here it was that the idea of Federal protection arose. Under the terms of the agreement, New Hampshire has received $7,200 from the Government, which will provide for the employment of twenty-four forest patrolmen from June 1 to the end of October. On its part the State will expend at least this amount towards the salaries of patrolmen, the construction and maintenance of lookout stations and telephone lines, and the fighting of forest fires. So far Connecticut, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey, Vermont, and Wisconsin are the States which have applied for funds.

AMERICANS AND THE CORONATION

The coronation of an English King and Queen in Westminster Abbey is perhaps the most stately ceremony which the modern world sees. There may be elsewhere more brilliant functions, but there is none, for Americans at least, which combines such wealth of historical associations with the dignity of such world-wide relations; for there is no other modern country which represents such world-wide achievements of force, intelligence, and character. One can charge against the English people, as against every other people, grave faults; one must also credit them with great qualities; and at a coronation the world-wide power of a great government by the people is most impressively represented.

One of the sources of this august and Imperial sovereignty, and of the vitality, political and moral, which has created it, lies in the historical continuity of the English State. The ceremony in Westminster is, from the American point of view, over-elaborated; but they must be dull of apprehension who do not see what it represents. Every great function in England which wears in any way the dress of the Norman, the Tudor, or the Stuart times puts behind the England of to-day the England of the past, and makes the English aware that their progress has been evolutionary rather than catastrophic, and that their Government rests on the basis of a thousand years of political training. The trappings and the ancient ritual of the coronation are symbols, and symbols sometimes express, even more fully and richly than definition and declaration, great convictions and principles.

A shirt-sleeve government, without dignity or manners, like the sensational newspaper, which has neither convictions nor taste, is not synonymous with democracy, as many people would have us believe. The evidence of a man's love for the people is not to be found in his disregard of the courtesies and dignities of life, but in his devotion to their welfare and his service to the richness of their life; and he honors democracy most who respects it, not he who slaps it on the back. The treatment of the President of the United States by many of the newspapers is a good illustration of the kind of familiarity which does not mean to be, but which is in fact, contemptuous, and which breeds irreverence and lawlessness in young people. When Mr. Taft was being drawn out of the yard of a far Western railway, he came to the platform of his car in response to a great shout from several thousand boys, seated on every available place of rest. They were shouting to him, "Good-by, Bill! Come back, Bill!" The President waved his hand, and, getting a moment of silence, said: "Boys, would you not be willing to call me William?" This was like the President, and it had a meaning which was perhaps not lost on the boys. The English Government may err sometimes on the side of excess of symbolism; our Government errs on the side of ignorant contempt for it. In a democracy, more than in any other form of society, dignity and respect for others are imperative; for self-respect and respect for others are never so necessary as in a crowd.

Provision can be made at coronations for only a small group of Americans, but that little group represents the hearty good wishes and the universal good feeling of Americans toward the British State and the British peoples. So deeply rooted is the international friendship that many things which used to be said about identity of language, literature, and largely of history, are no longer repeated. They are taken for granted. The whole English-speaking world sees more clearly every year the essential unity of all English-speaking peoples in their political ideals, their moral standards, and their intrinsic democracy. America long ago learned that George III, for so many years a symbol of oppression in this country, was an honest man of small and unsound mind; and that the attempt to subjugate the Colonies, like the short-sighted policies which brought on the Revolution, were the expression, not of the English people, but of a narrow-minded, small group of reactionaries. Our histories are now written from another point of view. The Revolution represents to intelligent Americans to-day a phase of the thousand-year struggle of England for popular government. The old animosities are dead; a friendship as deep-rooted as the history of the race has taken their place; and America looks forward to an unbroken peace and a growing fellowship with the England of to-day and of the future.

ARIZONA AND THE RECALL OF THE JUDICIARY

New Mexico and Arizona are entitled to be admitted as States. In New Mexico's case there is no objection anywhere, and not a valid reason can be assigned for the failure to have admitted her several months ago. Without any regard to Arizona, New Mexico should be admitted at once.

But Arizona also should clearly, and as a matter of right and duty, at once be admitted to Statehood. The only objection of consequence to admitting her is that her Constitution provides for the recall of judges. Outside of this provision no serious objection has been made to her Constitution, and personally, after considerable study of the document, I have come to the conclusion that it is an unusually good Constitution; that while, of course, it contains certain provisions as to which there will be considerable dissent, yet that, as a whole, it is a Constitution well above the average, a Constitution which in many vital respects it would be an admirable thing to have imitated in New York and elsewhere in the East. The whole question, therefore, narrows down to the point as to whether it is legitimate to reject Arizona's plea because she has done what Oregon has done, what California has announced she will do—that is, because Arizona desires, when she is a State, to have the same privilege which these two States possess and exercise. Moreover, it must be remembered that, if the people of Arizona desire to exercise the right of recall of the judges, their desire can be made effective immediately after their admission to Statehood; even though, in order to get in, they consent to alter the provision in their Constitution as proposed. It seems to me that the mere statement of these facts is sufficient to show that, on the ground alleged, there is no excuse for failure to admit Arizona to Statehood.

Personally, I do not think that under normal circumstances it is advisable to have the principle of the popular recall applied to the judiciary. I much prefer the Massachusetts system, under which a judge can be removed by vote of the two branches of the legislative body without trial and on simple assignment of reasons. But the fact that I and other people feel a preference for one system has nothing whatever to do with Arizona's right to adopt another system, and it is an absurdity to say that the adoption of the other system, that of the recall, would make the Arizona government not a republican form of government. The difference between a judicial system under which judges are appointed for life and are removable only after impeachment, and a system under which judges are elected for short terms, is infinitely greater than the difference between the latter system—that is, a short-term elective judiciary without a recall—and the proposed Arizona system of a short-term elective judiciary with a recall. The assertion that both the first two are compatible with the existence of a republican form of government, and that the latter is not, is really hardly worth serious discussion. Massachusetts has one system for her judiciary, New York another, Ohio a third; and in vital and essential matters they differ more among themselves than at least one of them differs from that proposed for Arizona. It would be quite improper for Massachusetts to impose its system upon Ohio, or Ohio its system upon Massachusetts, or for Texas to impose its system upon New York, or New York its system upon Texas; and it is just as improper for all four to impose upon Arizona the system of any one of them, or to refuse to permit Arizona to have the system which Arizona desires.

Moreover, in all these matters it is well to remember that the thing, and not the name, is essential. If in any given State the system of an elective or an appointive judiciary without a recall has proved in actual practice to work badly (as it certainly proved to work badly in California), then practical reformers who are working for the betterment of popular conditions are quite right in trying to substitute for it some other system. The all-important thing is the spirit in which the system is administered. If in any State the adoption of the recall was found to mean the subjection of the judge to the whim of the mob, then it would become the imperative duty of every good citizen, without regard to previous prejudices, to work for the alteration of the system. If, on the other hand, in any State the judiciary yields to improper influence on the part of special interests, or if the judges even, although honest men, show themselves so narrow-minded and so utterly out of sympathy with the industrial and social needs brought about by changed conditions that they seek to fetter the movement for progress and betterment, then the people are not to be excused if, in a servile spirit, they submit to such domination, and fail to take any measures necessary to secure their right to go forward along the path of economic and social justice and fair dealing. If our people are really fit for self-government, then they will insist upon governing themselves. In all matters affecting the Nation as a whole this power of self-government should reside in the majority of the Nation as a whole; and upon this doctrine no one has insisted more strongly than I have insisted, for in such case "popular rights" becomes a meaningless phrase save as it is translated into National rights. But in a case like this of Arizona the only way to secure popular rights is through unconditional recognition of States' rights. As regards every question involving National sovereignty under the Constitution, the Federal Government is supreme; but in purely State affairs the State is supreme, and the people of the State should have the absolute right to determine just how they wish their judicial system conducted. It is the negation of popular government to deny the people the right to establish for themselves what their judicial system shall be. Arizona has the absolute right to try the recall, just as any of the existing States has the absolute right to try it or not to try it, and to have an elective or appointive judiciary, as it pleases. To keep Arizona from Statehood because she has adopted the recall as applied to the judiciary is a grave injustice to Arizona, and an assault upon the principles which underlie our whole system of free popular government.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

AMERICA'S FIRST PEACE DUTY

Plans for settling all international disputes by arbitration appeal to the imagination and get much attention from the newspapers. Plans for preventing international disputes do not appeal to the imagination and get scant attention from the newspapers. Yet an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

One cause of international controversy is the lack of power in our Federal Government to furnish adequate protection to foreigners in the United States. A simple remedy would be for Congress to confer that power upon the Federal courts. It has been asked to do so by Presidents Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, and Taft. It has not acted. There is no public opinion and there is no special interest to urge it to act. And when there is neither public opinion nor special interest behind a measure, Congress is inactive.

In our judgment, nothing more important was brought before the recent Lake Mohonk Arbitration Conference than this subject. It was presented in a report by a Committee of three eminent jurists: Elihu Root, Simeon E. Baldwin, and George W. Kirchwey. The last named prepared and read the report, which was unanimous. And as a result of that report the Committee was continued, and instructed "to use every proper effort to secure the speedy enactment by Congress of legislation vesting in the courts of the United States adequate jurisdiction for the said purpose."

The lack of this authority has been more than once an occasion of real National humiliation. The Americans are a curious people: immensely proud and yet strangely quick to forget their own acts of self-humiliation.

Some sixty years ago an insurrection in Canada was supported by supplies received from the ports on the New York side of Lake Ontario. In the conflict which ensued an American was killed. A Canadian named McLeod was indicted in the United States for murder, and shortly after, upon incautiously crossing the border, was arrested. The British authorities demanded his release. The facts were such that the President officially declared that, had he possessed the power, he would have directed the prosecution to be abandoned. But he had no power. All he could do was to assume responsibility for the man's defense. Happily, Mr. McLeod proved an alibi and was acquitted. Had he been convicted and executed, the incident might easily have furnished an occasion for war.

In 1891 some Italians were massacred by a mob in New Orleans. The massacre was a wholly indefensible outrage on citizens of Italy. Italy demanded justice of the United States. The United States was powerless to bring the perpetrators of the murders to justice. All the President could do was to ask Congress to make a money compensation, which it did, and this Italy accepted. It is doubtful whether either England or Germany would have accepted such compensation while the murderers went free.

In 1895 a similar massacre of Italians occurred in Colorado, with a similar result.

Mobs have assailed Chinese on more than one occasion, and serious complications were avoided only because China had not the military strength to back up a demand for justice. America's self-humiliation was not, on that account, the less.

America cannot refer the complaining government in such cases to the State, for foreign governments have no relations with the individual States. The only government they know, the only government they have, or can have, relations with, is the National Government. No State can enter into diplomatic relations with a foreign government. The Federal Government has, under our Constitution, exclusive jurisdiction in all that concerns foreign affairs. The Nation would not consent that any foreign government should deal directly with one of our States. It will not consent itself to deal directly with an individual State in a sister federated nation. In 1875 an American was injured by a mob in Brazil. The Brazilian Government attempted to escape responsibility by saying that the province where he was injured was alone responsible. The American Government refused to accept the excuse. Secretary of State Fish replied: "It is the Imperial Government at Rio Janeiro only which is accountable to this Government for any injury to the person or property of a citizen of the United States committed by the authorities of a province. It is with that Government alone that we hold diplomatic intercourse." We cannot apply one principle to Brazil and another to our own country; and this Secretary Fish recognized, for he added: "The same rule would be applicable to the case of a Brazilian subject who, in this country, might be wronged by the authorities of a State."

And yet, under our present laws, the Federal Government is powerless to protect the Brazilian against such wrong, or even to punish the wrong-doer.

Elihu Root is not a radical nor a sensationalist; and Mr. Root has epitomized in three sentences this chapter of American history:

> The diplomatic history of this country presents a long and painful series of outrages on foreigners by mob violence. These have uniformly been the subject of diplomatic claims and long-continued discussion, and ultimately of the payment of indemnity. An examination of these discussions will show that in every case the indemnity was in fact paid because the United States had not done in the particular case what it would have done for its own citizens if our laws had been administered as our citizens were entitled to have them administered.

What is needed is a simple Act of Congress giving the Federal courts jurisdiction to protect aliens and to punish wrongs perpetrated upon them. Then the Federal courts will try the assassins who murder Italians in one State or Chinamen in another. And the United States will not have to reply to the demand of Italy or China for justice, We are powerless to give it.

No Constitutional amendment is needed. Congress has the power. It is true that its power has been questioned. We place our affirmation that it already possesses the power on four grounds: First, the unanimous and well-considered opinion of the Lake Mohonk Committee, consisting of Elihu Root, Simeon E. Baldwin, and George W. Kirchwey. Second, the truism that power is commensurate with responsibility. As the Constitution makes the Federal Government responsible to foreign governments for the maintenance of all its treaty obligations, it, by that fact, confers upon the Federal Government the power to maintain those obligations by securing to foreigners within our territory adequate protection. Third, Congress has already given to the Federal courts jurisdiction of civil suits brought by aliens; much more may it give the courts jurisdiction to protect aliens' fundamental rights of person and property against criminal violence. Fourth, the Supreme Court of the United States has said: "A right secured by the law of nations to a nation, or its people, is one that the United States, as the representative of this Nation, are bound to protect. Consequently, a law which is necessary and proper to afford this protection is one that Congress may enact, because it is one that is needed to carry into execution a power conferred by the Constitution on the Government of the United States exclusively."

Only next in importance to an all-inclusive treaty of arbitration as a means of promoting international peace is a law conferring on the Federal courts power to protect the person and property of aliens residing within the United States. The Lake Mohonk Conference, in seconding the recommendations of four Presidents of the United States for such legislation, ought to have the hearty support of the press and the people.

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MOTION PICTURES

How vividly the "motion-picture show" impresses itself upon its audiences is told by Mrs. Vorse on another page. No one who reads that account can fail to recognize the broadening influence of this popular form of entertainment; but no thoughtful reader can help feeling that in it there is also potential evil.

Happily, others have seen this, and have done something practical to direct this power for education in the largest sense from evil to good. A purely voluntary committee, without legal authority or standing, censors the entire output for public exhibition of all the manufactures of motion pictures in the United States, and virtually all the films which are imported for commercial purposes. What other great business submits its product to the supervision of an outside committee which is interested solely in the welfare of the public?

It is a great business. Six hundred shows are licensed in Greater New York, some four hundred and fifty of them being in constant operation, and in the United States there are at least twelve thousand of these places of amusement. The average daily attendance is between four million and five million, about twenty per cent being children. A comparison is instructive: in the whole country there are, say, fourteen hundred theaters, with a daily attendance which approximates seven hundred and fifty thousand.

The censorship is simply by agreement, but its work is rigorous and effective. About four thousand distinct film subjects are passed upon annually. This means daily work for some one, and hours each day. It is undertaken by the censoring committee appointed by a Board of Censorship, which has thirty members, ladies and gentlemen, who give time and labor without compensation in money or praise, the three secretaries being the only representatives of the Board in receipt of salary.

Almost more onerous than the tax upon the time of the committee has been the tax upon their judgment. The committee is dealing with the very large property interests of others, and it is, so to speak, a guardian of morals. Its standard must not be impractical or Puritanic; but neither can it be low and fluctuating. Moreover, it must be steadily maintained and not relaxed. As a matter of fact, hundreds of films have been rejected, of a very large money value. Occasionally the committee has difficulty in reaching a conclusion, and calls for the assistance of its executive and general committees. In no instance have the manufacturers insisted in refusing to abide by the decision, and every condemned film has been suppressed.

Certain objectionable films are still in circulation which were made before the organization of the Board, and doubtless there is large room for a difference of opinion as to standards. It was easy to decide, for example, that immoral pictures and those inciting to crime should be suppressed. But should all reference to crime be forbidden, and all pictures of it?

Then farewell to Shakespeare and to large parts of the legitimate drama and fiction and historical narrative. Doubtless the personal equation in part determines whether such representations incite to crime, and personal opinions will differ as to the limits of the admissible. A somewhat similar question is suggested by the word " vulgar." It is apparent that individual taste cannot constitute the standard.

The astonishing fact, however, is that the motion pictures are censored at all, for no other form of public amusement submits to such a regulation—fiction, theaters, circuses, vaudeville, and all the rest going their own ways, subject only to the very lax limits of the law and to commercial considerations. The standard of the censorship, too, is advancing, and in this it is supported by the manufacturers, who for every reason prefer that their business should appeal to the intelligent and moral majority of the community.

The work of the Board is not wholly negative. It attempts to show the possibilities of the motion picture as an educational force. It has arranged an exhibition which was shown first to the authorities of the educational system of New York City and afterwards in many other places through the country. It has emphasized the importance of the contribution the motion picture can make in the fight for sanitation and against disease. It is convinced that the community does not understand what an important factor has entered into the educational field, and it urges public-spirited men and women to see to it that the motion picture be not left the prey of a mere commercialism. The motion picture has been recognized by the authorities in the South, who have arranged for an exhibition showing the evils of the common fly in all the towns of some of the States.

The organization of this Board was due in part to the fact that the leading men in the business saw the dangers of the situation. They did not desire to promote a demoralizing business. They too were eager for the educational features, and they desired the approbation of the portion of the community of which they were themselves members—that is, of the intelligent and moral part. From the commercial point of view they recognized that only by maintaining a high standard could there be permanent success. Separate companies could not control the situation, and the reputation of the whole was at the mercy of the least scrupulous. A disinterested committee was distinctly to the advantage of the trade, and ultimately all the companies were led to see it. The situation was made clear by two men, the late Charles Sprague Smith, founder of the People's Institute, and Mr. John Collier. The latter had made a careful investigation of the motion picture shows of New York, when Mr. Sprague Smith called a meeting of representatives of various societies interested in the welfare of the city. As the result the National Board of Censorship was organized under the auspices of the People's Institute, and Mr. Collier was made its secretary. Mr. Smith and some others had a number of consultations with representatives of the manufacturing interests, in which it was made plain that the motive of the Board was not antagonism but co-operation, and a complete understanding was established.

Local committees can be of the greatest assistance, not indeed in the censoring of pictures, but in other ways fully as important. Much in connection with the shows still needs radical reform. The shows are often in unsanitary, dangerous rooms which are frequently overcrowded. They add highly objectionable vaudeville accompaniments in some instances. They are frequented by young children who are unprotected in the evening, with consequent injury to good morals. There is a long list of items which should be looked after and eliminated by local committees. The Board has decided that it can serve best by confining itself to its single function, and, indeed, it is manifestly impossible for it to attempt the reformation of conditions which vary with every locality. Those public-spirited citizens who want to do something to improve these local conditions will find advice and suggestions, given from a wide experience, by writing to the Secretary of the National Board of Censorship, 50 Madison Avenue, New York City.

The difficulties in the way of organizing local committees are great, if not insurmountable, but local committees can be of the greatest service in seeing to it that the attendant evils are eliminated, in promoting the use of elevating and instructive pictures, and in informing the Board of the exhibition of objectionable ones. We believe that there are many of our readers who will be glad to know that there is something definite they can do in helping to make the moving picture show a benefit to their own cities, towns, and villages. Through such co-operation the entire situation may be radically improved, with advantage to all concerned. It is not necessary to wait for new laws, nor for an awakening of the public. A few public-spirited and determined citizens in each locality can accomplish the desired result. The National Board is an illustration of the practicability of voluntary effort.

UNITE

The ancient Romans had a motto, For one's country it is sweet to die. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, in a characteristically courageous sermon, has expanded this motto into, For the kingdom of God it is sometimes well for a church to die. He says:

> There are fifteen to twenty thousand little towns of two and three thousand people each in the Republic where are a half-dozen little churches, breaking up a community that ought to be unified in the Christian work, and it becomes the scandal of the twentieth century.
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> The Ten Commandments are not denominational, they are universal. The Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule are not denominational, they are universal. The sense of sin and its forgiveness are not denominational, they are universal; the Cross, the death, the resurrection, they are not denominational, but universal. Think of it! Eight preachers and priests dividing a town of two thousand people, that ought to be unified, into eight warring and belligerent bands! Before God I believe it to be the first duty of six out of the eight preachers and priests to resign, to go into education, or business, or agriculture. If an apostle was willing to be burned at the stake for Christ, surely these men ought to be willing to resign, and force these churches to unite in one splendid building, with unified music, a unified Bible school, and a unified family church.
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> When a church's work is done, it is just as glorious for it to die and go out of existence as it was in the beginning for it to come into existence. For scores of years a church may live for God, and then God may come to it and ask it to die for him, but its officers make the great refusal.

Denominational differences are due less to differences in opinion than to differences in temperament. To the Episcopalian the Methodist prayer-meeting is unæsthetic and unorderly; to the Methodist the Episcopalian liturgy is cold and formal. The Quaker worships best in silence and simplicity; the Roman Catholic best in ecclesiastical pageantry. Some souls ascend to God most readily on stairs worn by the feet of the centuries; some, as the bird ascends, each bird making its own invisible pathway for itself. There is therefore very good reason why these men of different temperaments should employ different methods for the expression of their religious life.

But that is no reason why they should have different buildings and different organizations. They can all worship in the same village; why not in the same meeting-house? There is a church building in Switzerland shared by Roman Catholics and Protestants; why confine this practice to Switzerland? A well-known and very successful missionary bishop of the Episcopal Church purposely did not consecrate the smaller churches erected in Western mining towns, for he wished other denominations of Christians to use them. The consequence was that the churches were always in use, and men of all denominations came to the Episcopal service on Episcopalian Sundays. Why was this not good policy as well as good religion? We believe that a Huguenot church still holds its services in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral. Why not open the nave to Congregational or Presbyterian services at appointed hours?

The faithful of the Middle Ages were self-consistent. The Protestants who thought that Rome was the mother of harlots, that the Pope of Rome was the successor of the pagan Nero, that the crucifix and the images of the saints were idols, and that the commands of the Old Testament to destroy idols and idolatry were still binding, counted themselves called of God to enter the Roman Catholic churches and break in pieces the images of the saints and the stained-glass windows. And the Roman Catholics who thought that heresy and schism were damnable sins, and that it was the duty of the State to protect men's consciences as well as their pocketbooks, counted themselves called of God to turn over to the State for condign punishment the heretics and schismatics. There are a few, both of Roman Catholics and Protestants, who are still living in the sixteenth century. But most of us are living in the twentieth century. We do not wish to break each other's windows or to burn each other at the stake. The Quakers in New England no longer demand the right to break in upon an orderly Congregational service with their right of free prophesying; and the Congregationalists in Massachusetts would not, if they could, banish the Baptists to Rhode Island. The Calvinists who believe in a sovereign God and the Methodists who believe in free men no longer denounce each other from their respective pulpits; and the Unitarians who believe in the Father revealed *by* Christ and the Presbyterians who believe in the Father revealed *in* Christ walk peaceably side by side in the same town to churches that stand side by side in the same street. Why not to the same church?

In many an American village of two thousand population are four Protestant churches—a Methodist, a Baptist, a Congregational, an Episcopalian—with four meeting-houses, unæsthetic and sometimes in ill repair; with four ministers with small salaries, small equipment, and small work. Put them together. Build one church, a spiritual meeting-place for all the spiritual forces of the town. Select one man to be their spiritual leader. Have an Episcopal liturgy at one hour for the Episcopalians and a non-Episcopal service at another hour for the non-Episcopalians; a font for sprinkling the children and a baptistry for immersing the adults; and during the week an Episcopal service of evening prayer on Tuesday, a Methodist class-meeting on Wednesday, and a Congregational prayer-meeting on Thursday. We quote Dr. Hillis again:

> In a town of two thousand people not more than one thousand can ever go to church at the same hour. Now, unite the musical talent of that town, and you will have a glorious music, Te Deums and hymns. Unite in one solid band all of the social reform men, and you could cleanse the ills of the town. Unite all the men of spiritual fervor, and you would have a great dynamic center that would pulsate life.

In the George Junior Republic, in the same Sunday-school, at the same hour, may be seen Jewish children studying the Old Testament, Protestant children studying the New Testament, and Roman Catholic children studying the catechism, and all uniting at the beginning and the end of the school in common devotional exercises. It is too much to expect that mature Christians will be as catholic as these children from the city streets. But at least Protestant Christians might learn a lesson from their example. In a village with four churches where there ought to be but one, the four which now work and worship together peacefully in the same community might take one further step in catholicity and work and worship together in the same building and in the same organization. All that is necessary is that the members of each denomination should recognize the forms of faith and worship of the other denominations, that provisions should be made in the new united church for differences of taste and temperament, and then that three out of the four churches should make a Christian application of the pagan motto, and die for the kingdom of God.

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THE SPECTATOR

"These stone lions at the entrance have been taken down, combed and brushed, and put back again several times now," said the Spectator's cousin, "and they only look more and more unsatisfactory—especially since they have come out so pink. Who ever heard of a pink lion? Caxton's statue was much better than the lions, but they've taken him down and never brought him back at all. Isn't this portico a perfect refuge for the public on a rainy day! And to have a procession thrown in, too!"

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The street-cleaning brigade, in their Spotless Town uniforms, were marching down the wet asphalt of Fifth Avenue, in New York City, to the strains of an apparently waterproof band. The Library steps—a splendid triple row under the high-arched portico—were crowded with people who had gathered there to escape the sudden summer shower. They had the appearance of an audience on a reviewing stand, and they were enjoying the occasion. Just inside, a bride and groom, evidently from the rural districts, were talking to the large Hibernian doorkeeper who was clicking off the attendance on the tiny ticker in his half-closed hand. That is, the groom was talking. The bride was too absorbed in chewing gum and feeling the tremendous billowing green feather on her hat to see whether it had been wet by the rain. "Yes, the lions is of marble," said the doorkeeper; "all in one piece. The pink in them come out in the first rain. How many people comes in every day? Well, there was twenty thousand one day, and there's never been less than six thousand so far. To-day it's three thousand six hundred and fifteen, and there's half the day left yet, for we keep open until ten in the evening. Check your umbrella over there, lady!" (in stentorian tones to a woman who was passing in.) "No, you can't even walk around the corridors unless you check your umbrella. They'll give you a guide-book at the umbrella-stand—no charge."

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The Spectator and Cousin Jane went over and handed in their umbrellas, too, and duly received a tiny pamphlet chock-full of assorted information. "But don't let's stop to read it," said Cousin Jane. "I know already that there are ninety miles of book-shelves, and forty branch libraries besides, each with forty thousand books; and that the Library cost ten millions, and has taken eleven years to build; and that without the branches it's the fifth largest library in the world, and with the branches counted in it's the second largest, next to the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. I'm dreadfully tired of statistics about it. I just want to enjoy it. Isn't the bigness and the magnificent simplicity of it a refreshing thing to the soul?" The Spectator followed her eager steps obediently through the great bare, handsome hall—which, however, to his mind, cried aloud for the colors of mighty banners or emblazoned shields, and in which even a sky-blue lion would have been acceptable—and stopped to look at the busts in the pillared corridor beyond. There was Demosthenes, with the corners of his mouth turned firmly down; and Sophocles, mild and a trifle lackadaisical; and homely old Socrates, with Brutus, Pompey, Cæsar, Titus, and Solon. "'On the diffusion of education among the people,'" read Cousin Jane from the granite tablet in the wall, "'rest the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions.' Do you suppose Demosthenes and Sophocles are shocked or pleased to be set up for Demos to look at? Athens had a small opportunity, all the same, compared to America."

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America was taking her opportunity, certainly. The bride and groom were standing at gaze in the exhibition room next ahead, with its cases full of illuminated manuscripts, ancient maps, clay tablets, and all sorts of marvelous treasure-trove from the world's past. Two small messenger boys were close by, their noses glued to the glass in an endeavor to assimilate the Indian relics within the case. Dozens of young men, clerks or even laborers on their noonday recess, were scattered around the room, and scores of women, many of them with children. Some were Italians, with shawls over their heads. One was a Fifth Avenue girl with an even longer feather than the bride's. An attendant was showing a white-haired man the stack room, with its sixty-three miles of steel shelves and its 1,250,000 books. The people were in their Library—no doubt of that; and, as the Spectator and his companion went up the stone stairs to the second story, a typical homeless man, huddled in a corner of the marble seat at the turn, with his head on the smooth curved arm, fast asleep, was enjoying the Library, too, in his own way.

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Up in the main reading-room the public were even more in force. A room so vast as this, with its nearly three hundred feet of length, its fifty-foot ceiling, and its unending double rows of massive inlaid tables with their forest of high-standing shaded lamps, would seem able to dwarf any number of readers into mere human ants. But it presented, on the contrary, an air of occupancy and possession that was delightfully unexpected. Young students with piles of reference books about them; shabby men buried in large volumes; quiet women with pencil and notebook working away; sightseers walking through in silence so as not to disturb the studious peace of the great room—it was everything that the most cultured as well as the most democratic could wish for their city. Those who are half afraid of seeing Demos come into his own might well look in here and observe how the humanities are appreciated by humankind. "Under all skies, learning is the same" is the fitting motto of the scene. "Isn't it satisfying—all but the chairs?" remarked Cousin Jane, sitting down at a table to try conclusions with the furniture. "I've heard they were the most uncomfortable chairs in existence, and that the Mayor, or somebody or other in authority, insists that the purpose of a public library chair is not to be comfortable. If you're really in earnest, you see, you will sit forward on the edge, and not think about comfort."

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There was no end to the joys of that room. At one end the most fascinating, snugly proportioned, long, low, red-tiled, white-paneled, galleried room of "American History" opened out invitingly for "readers only," and at the other a genealogical room to match, filled with earnest elderly women and stout old gentlemen, all hunting for "ascendants" and family trees. Then the catalogue room, with its picturesque system of labels, was another happy hunting-ground. Not only was the ordinary alphabetical indexing there carried out to perfection, but the labels for every letter were of different shape, size, and color, so that it would have taken an idiot, and a blind one at that, to get them mixed. The Stuart collection and the Tissot pictures were near by, with a good attendance in each—rather too good for the ventilation in the Tissot room, where, as Cousin Jane remarked, "the humanity of it was fairly overpowering."

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But the children's room, down in the basement—a titbit reserved wisely for the last—was the most entrancing spot of all. The irregular walls, with the low bookcases, were just suited to the children's height, and ferns and ivy grew in low jardinières, while Tiffany bowls full of roses and iris were on the low round tables. The little people were there—scores of them—wandering round the open shelves and looking all by themselves for the very books they wanted. The two or three pretty girls who were attendants ("I never thought of how desirable it is to have really *pretty* girls for the children's room," murmured Cousin Jane) were at the children's service, but not overseeing them too openly. No wonder the children for squares around had disproved all the directors' prophecies of small attendance by flocking in and registering by the hundred. "Some of them are Fifth Avenue children, and some of them haven't enough to eat," said the lovely, broad-browed, dark-eyed girl at the desk. "But they're all the same about books. The little ones want pictures, the girls like stories, and the boys travels and animals." An exhibition of paintings of Indian life, bringing in most colorful and exciting bears, hunters, buffaloes, dances, and so on, divided attention with the book-shelves; and though there was a circulating branch for the grown-ups on the other side of the hall, the children had very much the best of it, as was proper in a public building which, though built to enshrine the best of the past, looks eagerly toward the future.

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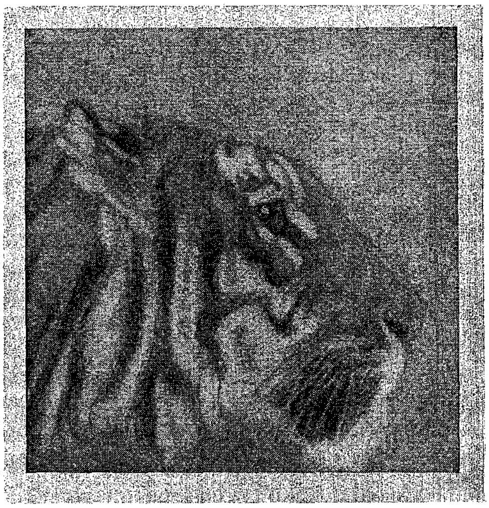
"The children are about the only ones that have Americans at the desk," said Cousin Jane, as she and the Spectator went down the wide steps between the pink lions and out to the Avenue. "The man in the Stuart room was Irish; do you remember how he said '*Andrew* del Sarto,' and how the attendant in the American history room was a Russian, and the one in the exhibition room an Englishman, and there was a Pole in the genealogical room, and a Dane in the main reading-room, and the man in the circulation room, when you asked him if he were English, smiled and said, 'Made in Germany'? Of course it's a good thing, in one way, to have attendants who can speak languages that are needed. It makes one feel, too, that the Library belongs in this whirlpool of races. But I'm glad that the children have the Goddesses of Freedom, without any accent; aren't you?"

JUNGLE NIGHTS

By PAUL BRANSOM

SUGGESTED BY KIPLING'S JUNGLE STORIES



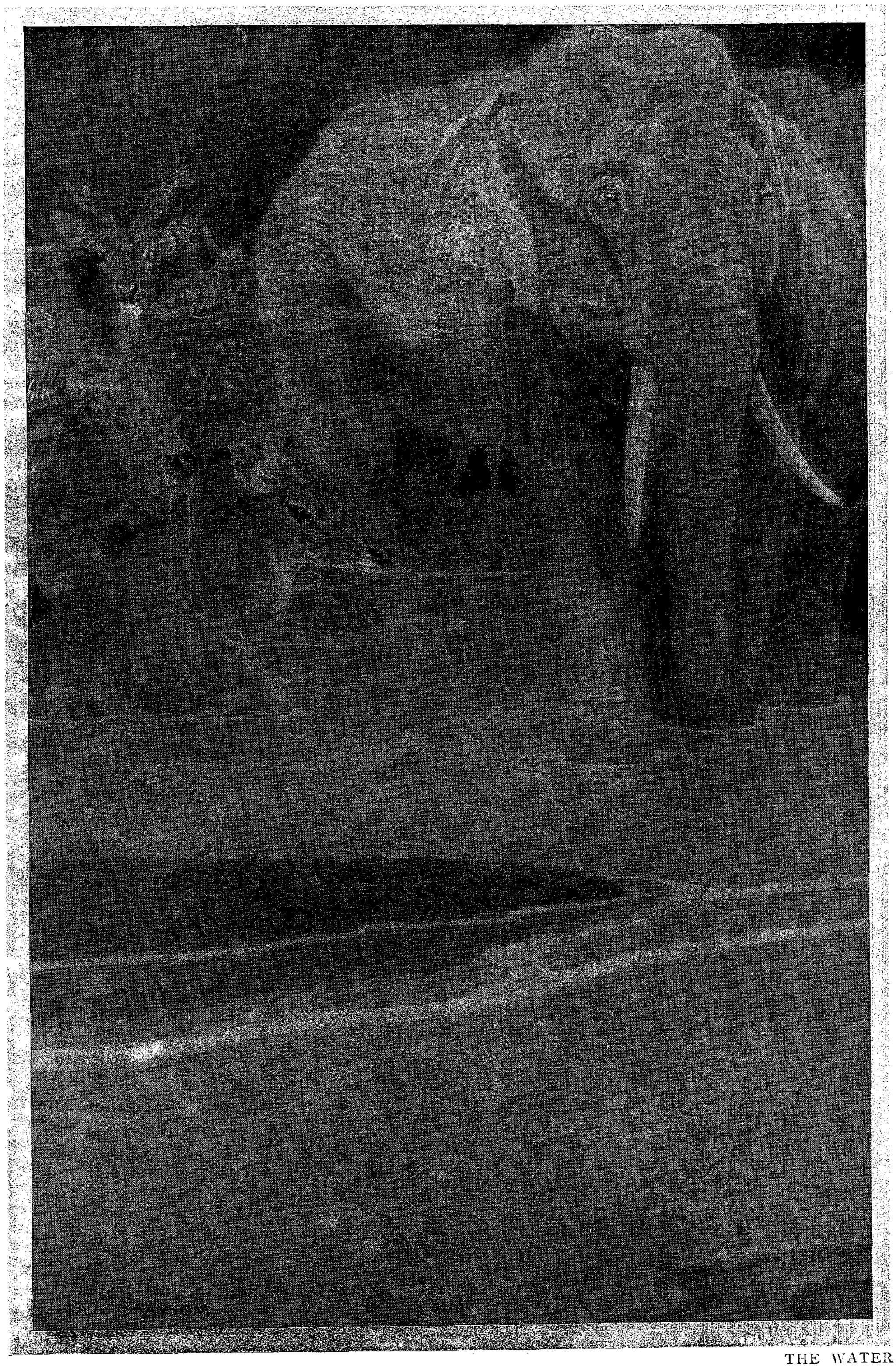
SHERE KHAN

II

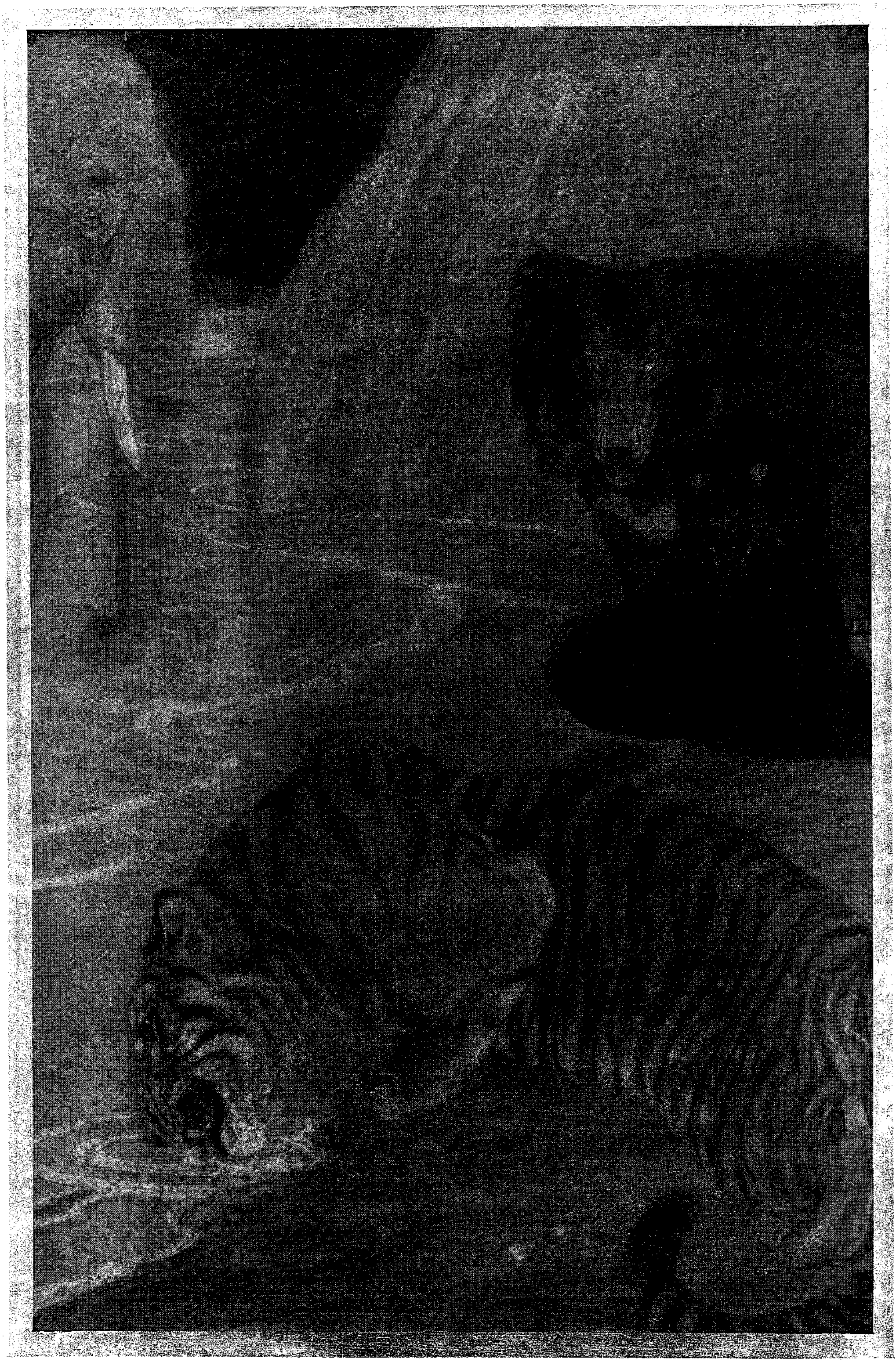
THE WATER TRUCE

"The pools are shrunk, the streams are dry,
And we be playmates, thou and I,
Till yonder cloud—Good Hunting!—loose
The rain that breaks the Water Truce."

—Rudyard Kipling.


PAUL BRANSOM

THE WATER



TRUCE

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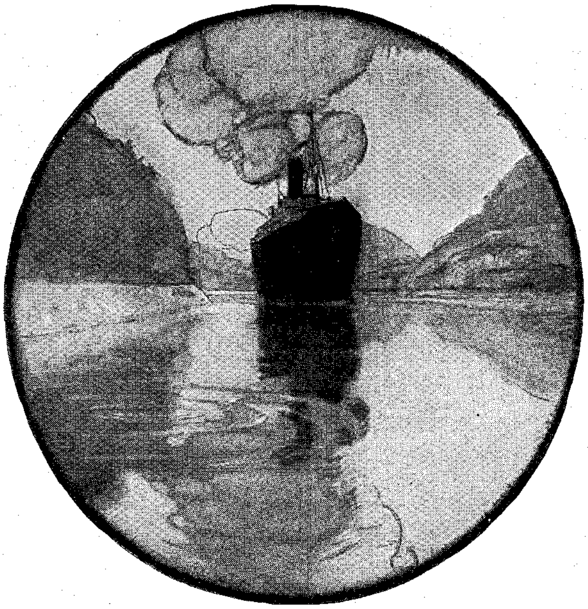
COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON GOETHALS



OUR CANAL

BY ALBERT EDWARDS

This is the first of a group of four articles, the outcome of a recent visit to the Panama Zone made by Mr. Albert Edwards under special commission from The Outlook. The articles deal with important questions relating to the history of the Canal, its construction, administration, and sanitation. The other articles will be entitled "Our Predecessors on the Job," "How We Pulled the Teeth of the Tropics," and "The Big Job."—THE EDITORS.

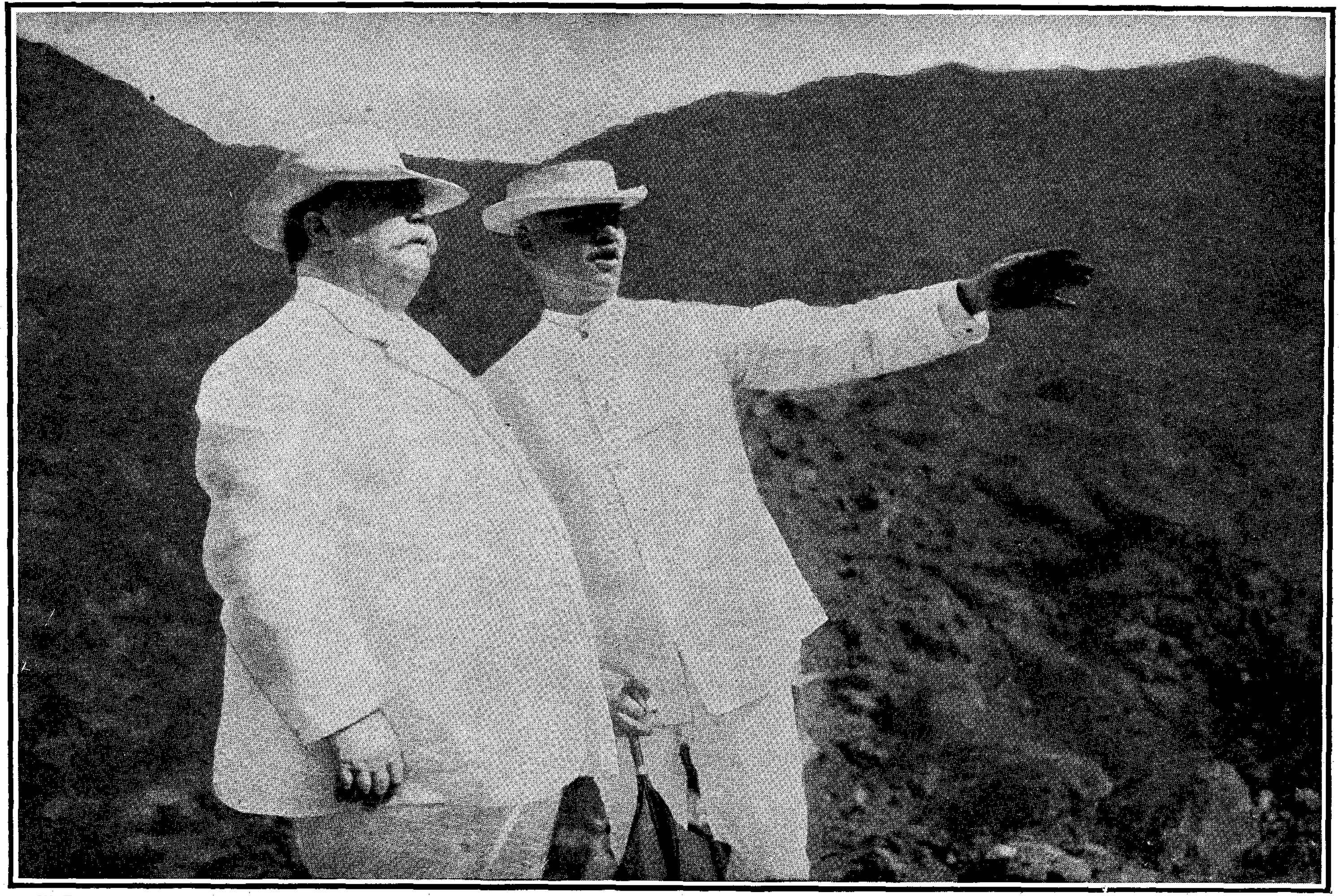
FIRST ARTICLE

The Boss of the Job

"TELL me something about Colonel Goethals."

My friend was a keen observer who had already given me much information about the life and work on the Canal Zone. "You want a line on the old man?" he said after a moment's consideration. "Well, the most distinctive picture of him I have is this. I used to live at Culebra. One night I was sitting out on the porch of my quarters, smoking. There were only a few lights here and there in the Administration Building. One by one they went out, all except that in the old man's office. It was getting on towards ten when his window went dark. It was the dry season. A full moon, as big as a dining-room table, was hanging down about a foot and a half above the flagstaff—a gorgeous night. The old man came out and walked across the grass to his house. He didn't stop to look up at the moon; he just pegged along, his head a little forward, still thinking. And he hadn't been in his own house ten minutes before all the lights were out there. He'd turned in, getting ready to catch that early train. The only time the Colonel isn't working is from 10 P.M. to 6 A.M., when he's asleep."

That seems to be the thing which im-



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PRESIDENT TAFT AND COLONEL GOETHALS "OUT ON THE LINE" presses our men down here most of all about the Boss. He is always on the Job.

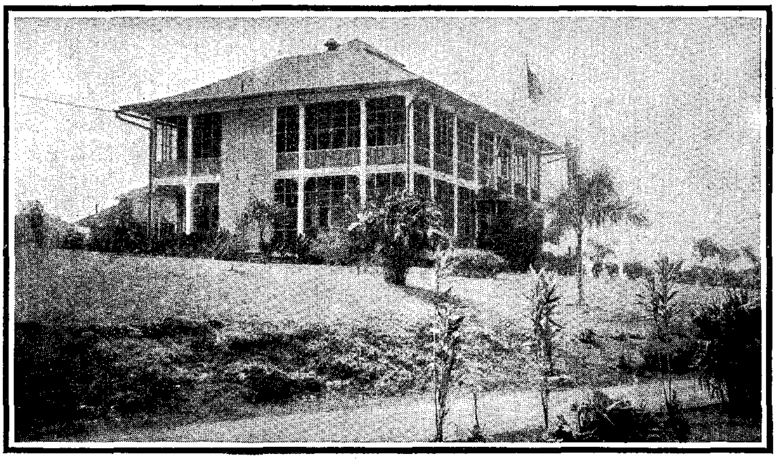
Just what is the Job?

Strictly speaking, it is administrative, rather than constructive, engineering. The type of the Canal was decided upon before the present Commission was installed. They have had but few changes of importance to make: widening the channel in the Cut, increasing the size of the locks, and the moving of the Pacific locks inland, beyond the range of a hostile fleet. Their work has been the perfecting of details and the execution of what had been already determined.

Wallace was our first "Boss of the Job." His contribution was the creative imagination to foresee the stupendous proportions of the undertaking. Sent down to a fever-ridden tropical jungle, so dense that one could not penetrate it without constant use of a *machete*, he saw the thing in the large. He signed requisitions for ninety-ton steam-shovels by wholesale; ordered a modern railway; asked for an equipment on such a scale as had never been dreamed of. The first Commission was lacking in similar foresight. One of the causes for Wallace's sudden resignation was the fact that his requisitions were ignored. He could not get the tools he needed—tools the necessity of which has since been realized, and which are now in operation.

Stevens was our next Boss. His is the honor of having recruited and organized the labor force. He established the whole enterprise on a going basis. The engineers now on the Job speak with especial respect of the masterly way in which he solved the transportation problem, for digging the Cut requires not only the breaking up of the mountain barrier, but also the removing of it. And it was during his administration that, after much arguing and infinite study, the type of the Canal was finally decided upon.

But Stevens, like Wallace, was too little of a politician to swing the Washington end of the Job. Different people give different reasons as to why he at last threw it up. Probably, as in Wallace's case, friction with his superiors at Washington was one of the reasons. At all events, he made way for the present Commission. Most of them are army engineers, and through long Government service understand how to take orders and at the same time to get what they need for their work.


COLONEL GOETHALS'S HOME

"The only time the Colonel isn't working is from 10 P.M. to 6 A.M., when he's asleep"

Although the Job is to-day one which is primarily administrative, the carrying out of work already planned, the maintaining of an organization already installed, it is none the less an affair which calls for a man of more than ordinary stature.

Colonel George Washington Goethals, the Chief Engineer and Chairman of the Commission, is now at the head of this great National Job of ours. A visitor to the Isthmus who has not included "the

Colonel" among the sights has missed more than half that there is to see down here.

The Administration Building is a barn-like, corrugated-iron-roofed structure on the top of Culebra Hill. Before entering it you get the impression of a noteworthy lack of fuss and feathers. Through a broad corridor, hung with maps and blue prints of the work, you reach the office, where the Chairman, private secretary, and chief clerk reign over a vast filing system. You will travel far before you see a more smoothly running office. Does the Colonel want a copy of the letter to the Spanish Government about contract laborers? Does he want to look over the specifications in the contract for the new unloading cranes for the Balboa dock, or By-law 37 of the International Brotherhood of Railroad Engineers, or the excavation record of steam-shovel 333? Or is it the personal file of employee No. 33,333—the date of his birth, the color of his hair, how many times he has been docked for sleeping overtime, or the cause of his last quarrel with his wife? A push-button starts an electric buzz, and inside of two minutes the desired document is on his desk.

There are few men at the head of as large an undertaking who are so easy of access. If you have to wait a few minutes, you can find plenty to hold your interest. The walls are covered with maps and blue prints. This is true of every wall in the Canal Zone. There may be private homes along the line where the rooms are decorated with familiar photographs of the Venus de Milo and the Coliseum; but every official wall is plastered with blue prints.

But you will not have to wait long before you are ushered into the Throne Room—more maps and blue prints—and you are face to face with the most absolute autocrat in the world.

Many people have described Colonel Goethals as having a boyish face; but they must have seen him with his hat on, for his hair is white. If, as they say, his face looks twenty and his hair sixty, I could not see it, for his eyes—which dominate—look forty. He is broad-shouldered and erect. He carries his head the way they did at West Point before it became fashionable for the cadets to wear stays. Above everything, he looks alert and "fit." Although he does not spare himself, he has not lost a day from malaria.

Of course the first thing you do will be to hand him your perfectly useless "letter from my Congressman." Useless, because even if you have no letter he will show you every courtesy he can without interfering with the Job; and he will not interfere with the Job even if you bring letters from all the Congressmen.

Like every man who accomplishes an immense amount of work, he is a great believer in routine.

Six mornings a week he is "out on the line," and he takes the early train. He took me along on one of these inspection trips. It was before seven when we reached Pedro Miguel, and we walked back through the Cut to Empire. It was four hours of bitter hard tramping, for the Colonel kept to no beaten track. Whatever interested him he wished to see at close range. So it was something of a luxury to have a few minutes of "good walking" on railway ties. And dodging the incessant rush of dirt-trains and running for shelter when the whistle warns that the dynamite squad is on the point of shooting a "dobe" charge require no small expenditure of energy. I have often walked through the Cut, but never before nor since at the clip the Colonel sets. They say that a feeling of fatigue is one of the first symptoms of the Chagres fever. As we climbed out of the Cut at Empire—it is an interminably long flight of stairs, and the sun gets hot in the tropics by eleven—I was sure I was in for a severe attack. The Colonel said blithely, "The only way to keep your health in this climate is to take a little exercise every morning." Doubtless it is true, but I had rather die quickly than keep alive at that rate.

His afternoons go in routine desk work, signing papers, approving reports, and so forth. It is part of his system that he discourages oral reports. Everything comes to him on paper. If he wants to talk with any of his subordinates, he generally does it during his morning trips—on the spot. Perhaps the phrase he uses most frequently is, "Write it down."

The afternoon office work is much

Tell the Colonel

A song they sing at Panama

If you have any cause to kick, or feel disposed to howl,
If things ain't running just to suit, and there's a chance to growl,
If you have any ax to grind or graft to shuffle through,
Just put it up to Colonel G. like all the others do.
    See Colonel Goethals, tell Colonel Goethals,
    It's the only right and proper thing to do.
    Just write a letter, or, even better,
    Arrange a little Sunday interview.

Casey is an engineer and treated awful bad,
Eight minutes overtime they worked the poor defenseless lad,
So Casey sees the Colonel, with tears in his eyes, and says:
"I cannot stand for this no more without lay-over days."

"Dear sir, the commissary here," writes Mrs. Percy Jones,
"Is charging me for porterhouse which ain't no more than bones,
And, I assure you, Colonel, that the pork chops what they sell
Is rotten. I enclose herewith a sample, just to smell."

Mrs. Hobbs and Mrs. Dobbs are neighbors in a flat,
And Mrs. Hobbs calls Mrs. Dobbs a dirty this and that.
Then Mrs. Dobbs reciprocates, and maybe both are right,
But in the end the Colonel has to arbitrate the fight.

Don't hesitate to state your case, the boss will hear you through;
It's true he's sometimes busy, and has other things to do,
But come on Sunday morning, and line up with the rest,—
You'll maybe feel some better with that grievance off your chest.
    See Colonel Goethals, tell Colonel Goethals,
    It's the only right and proper thing to do.
    Just write a letter, or, even better,
    Arrange a little Sunday interview.

interrupted by callers. The stream of tourists grows steadily, and the Colonel realizes that it is we, the people of the United States, who are doing this Canal Job. Any one of us who is sufficiently interested to come down and look it over is welcome.

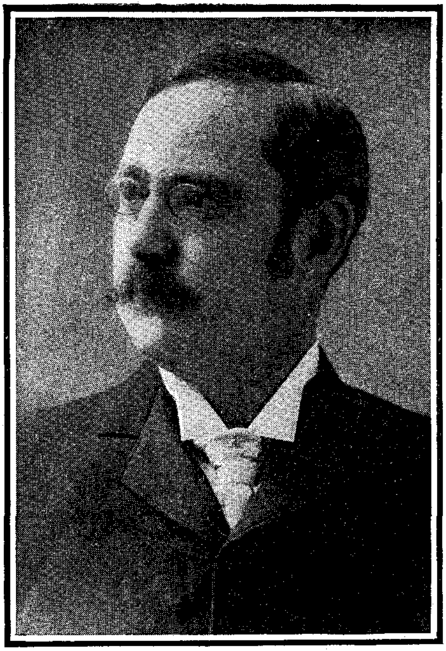
"Whenever I have anything to study out, work which requires uninterrupted attention," he said, "I go back to the office at night." This happens generally three or four, and often seven, nights a week.

The most remarkable part of Colonel Goethals's routine is his Sunday Court of Low, Middle, and High Justice. Even as the Caliphs of Bagdad sat in the city gate to hear the plaints of their people, so, in his very modern setting—principally maps and blue prints—the Colonel holds session every Sunday morning. One of the Isthmian bards has reduced the matter to verse—printed above—which, if somewhat weak in prosody, is strong in local color.

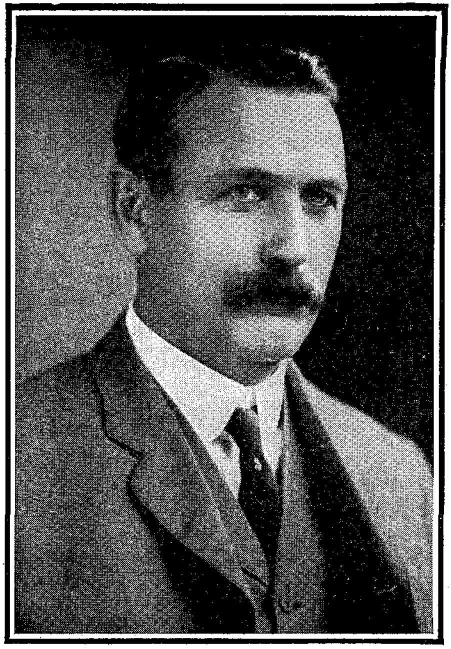
I had the good fortune to be admitted one Sunday morning to the audience chamber.

The first callers were a Negro couple from Jamaica. They had a difference of opinion as to the ownership of thirty-five dollars which the wife had earned by washing. Colonel Goethals listened gravely until the fact was established that she had earned it, then ordered the man to return it. He started to protest something about a husband's property rights under the English law. "All right," the Colonel said, decisively. "Say the word, and I'll deport you. You can get all the English law you want in Jamaica." The husband decided to pay and stay.

Then came a Spanish laborer who had



JOHN F. WALLACE
Our first Boss of the Job (1904-1905)



JOHN F. STEVENS
Our second Boss of the Job (1905-1907)

been maimed in an accident. The Colonel called in his chief clerk and told him to help the unfortunate man prepare his claim. "See that the papers are drawn correctly, and have them pushed through."

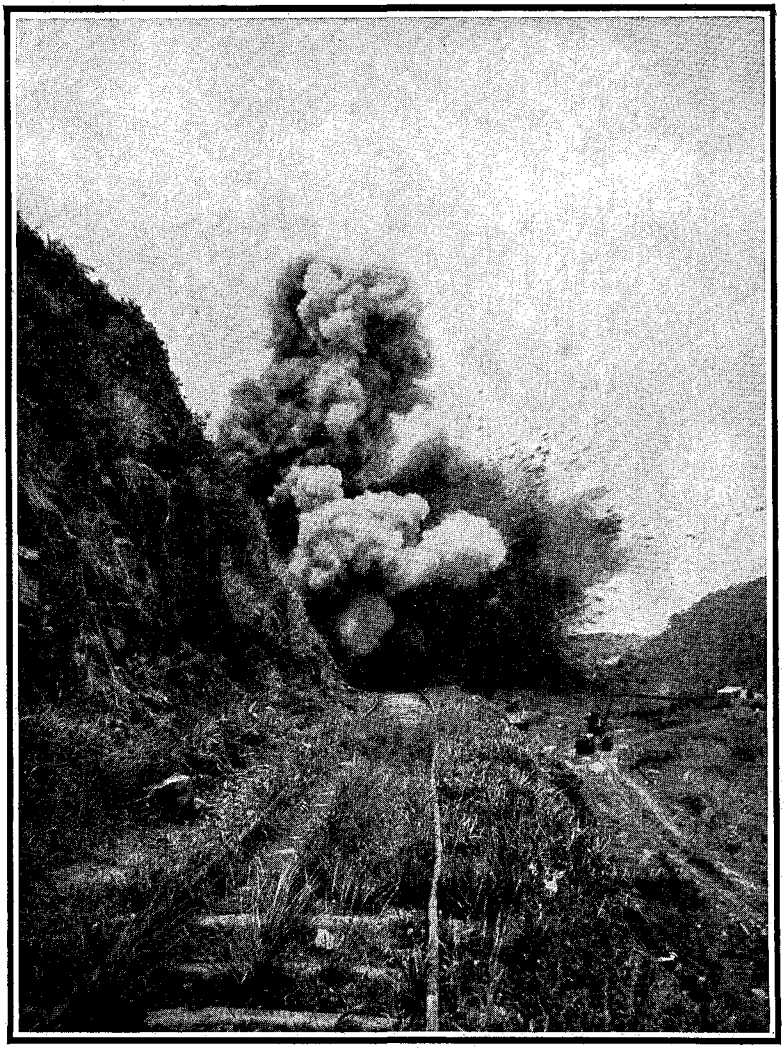
A man came in who had just been thrown out of the service for brutality to the men under him. This action was the result of an investigation before a special committee. The man sought reinstatement. The Colonel read over the papers in the case, and when he spoke his language was vigorous: "If you have any new evidence, I will instruct the committee to reopen your case. But as long as this report stands against you, you will get no mercy from this office. If the men had broken your head with a crowbar, I would have stood for them. We don't need slave-drivers on this job."

Then a committee from the Machinists' Union wanted an interpretation on some new shop rules. A nurse wanted a longer vacation than the regulations allow. A man and his wife were dissatisfied with their quarters. A supervisor of steam-shovels who had two or three "high records for monthly excavations" to his credit came in to ask advice about applying for another job under the Panama Government. The end of the Canal work is approaching, and the far-sighted men are beginning to look into the future. "Of course I can't advise you," the Colonel said. "You know I would hate to see you go. But, if you decide that it is wise, come in and see me. I may be able to give you some introductions which will help you." (And, as every one knows that a letter of introduction from the Chairman of the Commission would look like an order to the Panama Government, there is another man who will want to vote for Goethals for President in 1916!) Then a man came in to see if he could get some informal inside information on a contract which is soon to be let. His exit was hurried.

An American Negro introduced some humor. He was convinced that his services were of more value than his foreman felt they were. The Colonel preferred to accept the foreman's judgment in the matter. The dissatisfied one pompously announced that he was the best blacksmith's helper on the Isthmus and that he intended to appeal from this decision. The Colonel's eyes twinkled. "To whom are you going to appeal?" he asked. For the fact is that the verdicts rendered in these summary Sunday sessions will not be revised before the Day of Judgment.

The procession kept up till noon—pathos, patience-trying foolishness, occasional humor. "Once in a while," the Colonel said, "something turns up which is really important for me to know. And, anyway, they feel better after they have seen me, even if I cannot help them. They feel that they got a fair chance to state their troubles. They are less likely to be breeding discontent in the quarters. But it is a strain."

One sees the Colonel at his best in these Sunday morning hours. You see the immensely varied nature of the things and issues which are his concern. Engineering in the technical sense seems almost the least of them. There is the great human problem of keeping this working force in good order, of caring for the welfare and contentment of this community of exiles—exiled to what was once the most unhealthy jungle in the world. And he sits there, week after week, the paternal authority to which all may come with their unofficial troubles. English, French, American Negroes, Spanish and Italian peasants, coolies from India, with all the complications which come from their varied languages and customs—Mrs. Blank, whose husband drinks too much; diamond-



"WHEN THE WHISTLE WARNS THAT THE DYNAMITE SQUAD IS ON THE POINT OF SHOOTING A 'DOBE' CHARGE" drill operator No. 10, who has abscess of the liver and wants a word of encouragement before he goes to Ancon Hospital for the operation. It is as remarkable a sight as I have ever seen to watch him at it. He is a good listener until he is quite sure he has got to the nubbin of the matter, and then, like a flash, the decision is made and given. And I think there are very few indeed who go away thinking that they have been denied justice. But, as he said, it must be a strain.

This routine of Colonel Goethals is followed week by week, year after year. It is broken only by occasional trips to Washington. And every one knows that the political end of the Job is more wearing than the regular grind. He has not had a real vacation since he took up this Job of ours.

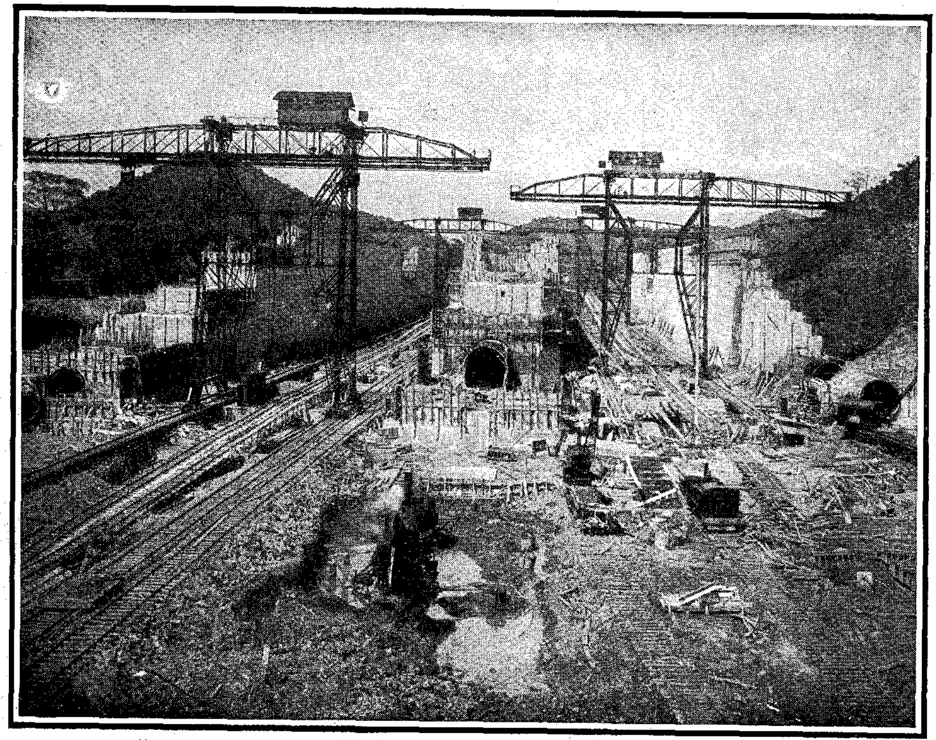
For a journalist Colonel Goethals has one formidable fault: it is impossible to get him to talk about himself or his achievements. He will discuss the Job willingly with any one. He even had the optimism to try to make me understand the geological formation of Contractor's Hill. But the skill with which he turns the conversation away from himself excites admiration which is only equaled by vexation.

"Who's Who" makes the following statements about him. Whether or not they are true I do not know—although I tried to find out:

Goethals, George Washington, army officer; born Brooklyn, June 29, 1858; grad. U. S. Military Academy, 1880; 2nd lieut. engineers, June 12, 1880; 1st lieut. engineers, June 15, 1882; capt. Dec. 14, 1891, lieut. col. and chief of engineers, volunteer army, May 9, 1898; hon. discharged from vol. service, Dec. 31, 1898; major engineer corps, Feb. 7, 1900; grad. Army War College, 1905; lieut. col. engineers, 1907; instructor in civil and military engineering U. S. Military Academy several years until 1888; in charge of Mussel Shoals Canal construction, on Tennessee River; chief engineer during Spanish-American War; member of the board of fortifications (coast and harbor defense); chief engineer Panama Canal since Feb. 26, 1907. Address: Ancon, Canal Zone, Panama.

The only record I can find of his ever having talked of himself is in the report of the Congressional Committee which

"THERE IS THE GREAT HUMAN PROBLEM OF KEEPING THE WORKING FORCE IN GOOD ORDER"



"IT WAS BEFORE SEVEN WHEN WE REACHED PEDRO MIGUEL"

investigated the affairs of the Commission in 1909. Mr. Stevens asked: "What has been your professional and official experience in this line of work?" Under this compulsion, Colonel Goethals summed up the thirty years of Government service since his graduation in exactly 167 words!

The fact in his life which has the greatest interpretative value is that he is an army engineer. In other words, he is a National product. He graduated from one of our schools; he stood at the head of his class; and since his graduation he has always been employed in Government service.

His military training has accustomed him to act under orders—a valuable asset in such a work. Mr. Roosevelt, while President, came to the conclusion that the Canal could not be built by civilian engineers—men trained in private enterprise. There was no way to make them stick to the Job. Successful construction men can always command high salaries. And men like Wallace and Stevens, who are used to being their own masters, find the Government service, with its inevitable red tape, irksome. It is impossible to establish a permanent working force if the boss is likely to throw up the Job any minute. Under such circumstances no man feels sure of his position. For the spoils system, so much decried in politics, is the ordinary practice in railroading and construction work. What was needed was not only engineering genius, but executive stability. Mr. Roosevelt appointed a commission of army officers, men who would stay on the Job till they were ordered home.

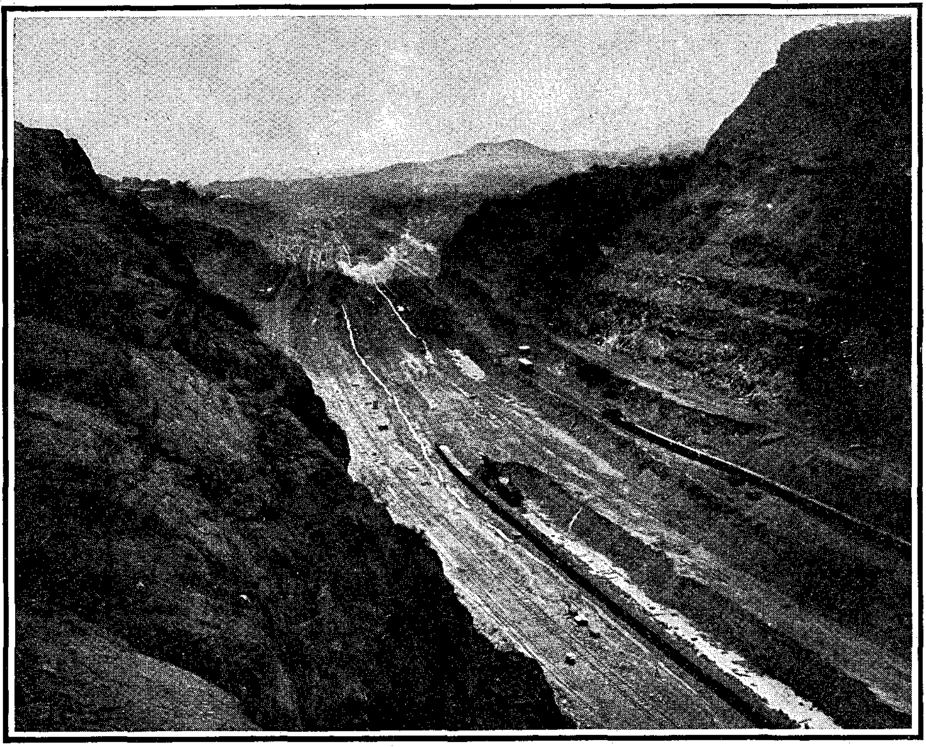
This new Commission, installed April 1, 1907, did not run very smoothly at first. It requires some time for a seven-headed executive to shake down to an equilibrium of power. Several of the Commissioners seemed to think that most, if not all, of the responsibility rested on their own shoulders. They felt much as the other two members of the French First Consulate did before they became entirely acquainted with the character of Napoleon. The struggle was tense while it lasted. But now that the dust has settled, almost every one on the Zone agrees that the best man won.

In January, 1908, Colonel Goethals persuaded the Administration at Washington to issue an Executive order which, whatever it may seem to say, gave him absolute control. The other six Commissioners are subordinates, most of them cordial, all of them docile. Certainly modern times have never seen one-man rule pushed to such an extreme. The Colonel, with his immense capacity for work and the restricted area of his domain—about four hundred square miles—succeeds in the rôle of autocrat after a fashion which must cause no little envy to Nicholas II.

How free-born American citizens accept this condition of things is at first a matter of wonder. One is used to thinking that if we were deprived of jury trials and the right to vote, we would begin to shoot. But down here the only right which has not been alienated is *the right to get out.* There are two or three steamers home a week. Then of course every one looks on this condition as temporary and necessitated by the unusual circumstances of the Job.

But with all these things which make for submission, such an absolutism would not be endured except for the almost universal feeling that Colonel Goethals is just. He has made enemies, of course, and here and there I have heard men declaiming that they had not been treated fairly, and that they were "going back to the States to live under the Constitution." But the men down here who take an intense interest in the work, whose imaginations have been caught by the immensity of the Job—the real men—would protest in a body at any talk of removing Goethals.

The criticism about him which I hear oftenest is that he works too hard. It is pretty generally believed that he could spare himself much of the strain if he would delegate more of his authority.



"I HAVE OFTEN WALKED THROUGH THE CUT, BUT NEVER BEFORE OR SINCE AT THE CLIP THE COLONEL SETS"

There is another phase of Colonel Goethals's administration which to me is the most impressive of all. It is the elimination of graft. I doubt if this old world has ever seen so clean a job as this Canal of ours.

I do not mean that the Colonel has been able to eliminate human nature. A foreman here and there will extort a bribe from a laborer who wants a job. No doubt some minor officials sometimes send messengers employed by the Commission on private errands. There is a man breaking stone in the chain-gang now who tried to get the best of the system of bookkeeping in the commissary stores. A gentleman of the old school—a Colonel of the G. A. R. —was found to be shaking down some West Indian Negro laborers for petty graft; he was retired to private life. But there is no big graft.

When I was down here two years ago, I looked into this pretty carefully. I had had some experience in tracing the hidden threads which lead into the political muck-heap at home. I could find none here on the Canal Zone. But back in the States I found almost every one incredulous when I said that this vast Government job was being done on the square. Some railway men explained to me at length how it was impossible to run a big construction job—private as well as public—without the purchasing agents getting suddenly rich. They initiated me into a whole new technique of the Gentle Art of Grafting—explained industrial as distinct from political "easy money."

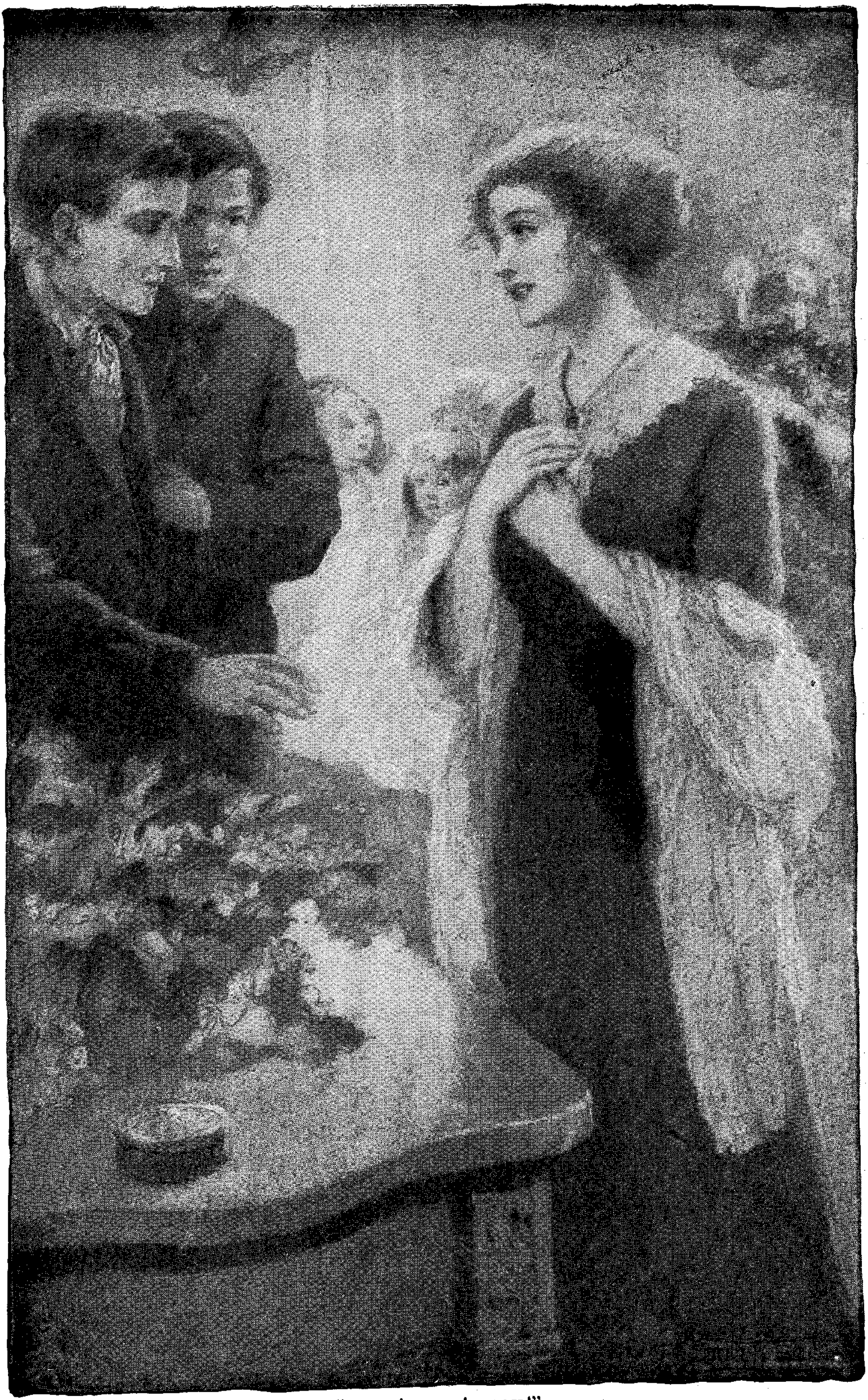
During this visit to the Zone I have given especial attention to this department. A few weeks ago four men dug a very elaborate tunnel under the vault of a large bank here in Panama City. It was a remarkable piece of engineering. They ventilated it with electric fans and had imported an expensive up-to-date oxygen-acetylene plant to cut through the steel. They were on the job about six months, and got away with less than $20,000. The general verdict is that it was not worth the trouble. By the time they have definitely escaped arrest—if they ever do—they will not have more than a couple of thousand dollars apiece to "blow in." But my advice to any one who wants to acquire gold which is not his is that he will get better returns from bank-robbing than from trying to—in the slang of the profession—"put anything over" on the purchasing department of the Commission.

This, I am glad to say, is not only my opinion. There have been many graft charges against the Commission, most of them as wild as the story that the Gatun Dam had fallen over. The more serious ones have resulted in Congressional investigations—not the whitewashing kind, but conducted by men hostile to the Canal. Even more conclusive is the fact that the endless stream of newspaper men who have come down here—some especially sent to find fault—have failed to substantiate any serious charge. No department of our Government has been so continually under fire as the Isthmian Canal Commission—and none has come through with fewer scars.

Any one who has dug deeply into the corruption of some of our municipalities is impressed with the fact that much—perhaps most—of the graft is a matter of habit, of venerable tradition. A young man gets some post and hears on every side how much his predecessor got out of it. He knows that his colleagues are "getting theirs." It would be an unconventionality—comparable to eating green peas with one's knife—not to "take his" also. It is the same in much of our industry. The man who accepts a position where it has long been part of the day's work to juggle with the Custom-House scales finds it hard not to follow the beaten path. The custom, once formed, becomes a "vested interest." It is hard to break such a habit.

And so it seems very wonderful to me to think of all the young men down here who, under the tutelage of Colonel Goethals, are learning the other habit. The men who are being "formed" under this custom of rectitude will never be able to believe it when their friends tell them that "everybody grafts." Quite a large army of young men have been on the Job down here; have had their first experience under Goethals. They are going to boast of it all the rest of their lives. Many of them are back in the States now. All of them will be within a few years. They will surely be a noticeable leaven in our National life.

It is doubtful if Mr. Roosevelt, in all his Administration, made a happier appointment than this of Colonel Goethals as Boss of our Big Job.



"BOLY! BOLY! BOLY!"

The Lady of the Good Will Mines

By E. A. Steiner

With Drawings by Sarah K. Smith

"IF I were a poet!" A thousand times I have said this, and, saying it, lost my chance to write plainly and honestly what I have seen and felt. So now I am going to write, although I am not a poet. I am going to write of a woman and a man. The two as far apart in wealth and culture as are the places in which they were born—thousands of leagues apart, and the great ocean between; so far apart that they could not speak each other's language. She knew but two words of his, and he three of hers—and two of these he could not, or should not, have used in the presence of a woman.

The two words of his language which she knew were *boly*, which means "it hurts" or "does it hurt?" and *dobre*, which means "good" or "I will make it good." The only English word that he could speak with propriety was "Lady," and by that he meant this particular woman, for she was, in the true historic and linguistic sense, a lady. The other two words he had learned from the mine foreman, and that explains why they could not be spoken in her presence.

Who was this woman and who this man, so far apart and yet so near each other?

The Lady was the best product of a civilization which gave woman her fullest opportunity without spoiling her by ease and luxury. She was a Christian, and religion had in her borne its full fruitage: gentleness of spirit, strength of character, and love for her fellow-men.

Her home was built above the mines where black diamonds were dug by patient toilers, and she early realized that it was warmed and lighted and she and her children fed by the product of this bitter toil. She made the Good Will property a model mining town, which was no easy task; for miners are not model men, and the hazard of the work makes them reckless with money and morals.

She did all this before such a thing as the "social conscience" was discovered; even before the reward for such tasks came in having one's picture printed in the magazines.

In Good Will, and there alone, in all that bleak region, miners' huts were clean and sanitary; there were good schools and a hospital, and the ugly culm-piles were not permitted to crowd too closely upon human habitations. The task of mining was hard and the risks great, but there were a master and a mistress who were the miners' friends, and that made the work easier and the mines safer.

Then dawned upon the industrial world the age of consolidation, and the companies pressed closer and closer upon the Good Will property, which was not in the market. The master of the Good Will Mines would not sell. The miners were his friends, and he knew the spirit of the great companies, which cared for dividends and dividends alone. But his coal was left standing on the tracks while other coal traveled to the markets; mountains of uncarted coal choked the mouth of the pit; and then he sold because he had to.

It was not a niggardly company, this; it paid all that the property was worth—millions and millions of dollars. The exact figures would make one dizzy to contemplate, although we are becoming calloused to the shock which comes from the misfortunes of great fortunes. When the master of the Good Will died, he left all this wealth to the Lady.

Did she move to New York and build herself a mansion on Fifth Avenue big enough to lose her soul in? Did she take her daughters and hawk them on the matrimonial markets of Europe, selling them to the highest titled bidder? No. She stayed in Good Will. The mines were sold, it is true; but the miners were still there. Those who helped to make the wealth were gone—the Welsh and English miners of twenty years ago; and their places were taken by crude, unlettered, half-heathen peasants, who could not speak her language or understand her motives. She stayed in Good Will with the miners, standing between them and the rapacious company—their advocate and friend, their "lady bountiful."

If I were a poet, I should not write about the town Good Will, and I fear if I were a millionaire I would not live there.

Years ago those mountains were beautiful—the trees green and golden in the spring and autumn; but now the hills are disemboweled and refuse lies about in cold, dreary heaps, with here and there evidences that the Creator artist is trying to bring back the beauty of which men have robbed him.

A vine has caught in a scanty bit of soil, and He is draping it about the culm-heaps; a tree is ineffectively struggling to spread its branches, its leaves parched from breathing the sulphur-laden air. The creeks which ran merrily to the river are now choked by rotten tree stumps, around which empty tin cans, beer barrels, and broken whisky flasks cling, holding back the thick filth in which no fish can live and no child can play and dream of golden days.

The model village has almost fallen to decay; the houses are feeders for dividends, the paint eaten off, the fences broken down, the shingles in shreds that do not keep out the torrential rains. In vain the Lady protested; the more she protested, the more unbearable life became in Good Will, and yet the Lady stays, because the miners are still there.

The man was born in the Carpathians, in a picturesque village by a pure stream. He was baptized into the Greek Catholic Church, and they gave him the name of the patron saint of the place—Joseph. Only the fit survive infancy in that village, for the climate is rigorous, life is Spartan, the food coarse and not always plentiful. Toil begins early and is unremitting.

Joseph grew to be a strong lad, was confirmed, found his pleasures in drinking and dancing, courted in his rough way, married and begot children. The world was small; it began where the geese grazed, at the edge of the village pasture, and ended with the last acre on the Baron's estate. Wealth Joseph never hoped to possess, for that was in the possession of a few and remained there. Of honors and station in life he never dreamed. He was a poor peasant's son; his father left him a cabin and three acres of land, and he would think himself fortunate to die with these things still in his possession; for the love of strong drink was growing among the peasants and the mortgaging of property to the Jews was becoming a common thing.

Into Joseph's discouragement one day there shone a ray of light. Creeping slowly through the valleys, leaping over the mountains, came a new hope. Tidings from America told of wealth, of mountains of gold, awaiting those who dared. The idea that wealth belonged to a few, to those born to it and those who were shrewd enough to bargain for it, was nothing but a cheap myth. In America any man who dared got it by using a shovel and a pickax. Even the toilers might reach a high station in life in this New World—this wonderful America.

One and another went from that village in the Carpathians and returned with money. What mattered it if they came back smelling of carbolic acid, with sallow skins, limping limbs, and lungs which labored like the blacksmith's wheezy bellows? They came back with money and bought land—ten, twenty, and fifty acres—and the Baron's estates, for ages in the possession of one family, began to dwindle, while the peasants built themselves brick houses, put in iron stoves, and had a pig-killing regularly twice a year. Joseph could not resist the sweeping current which carried the young manhood away across the sea. Many from his village had gone to Good Will and wrote back about the wages, the meat every day, the beautiful cottages, and the Lady; so he went.

Thirty-two years of age he was, his passport said, five feet six inches high, of dark complexion, gray eyes, and no bodily blemish. He had to leave his cabin, his wife, and two children; but in two, at the most three, years he would be back, and then the good times would be theirs. In the meanwhile "*Z boghem*" (with God). The wife cried and the children cried; he did not cry until they were out of sight. Then came the excitement of a first far journey; the pain died in his heart, and the fierce passion for saving money killed the homesickness.

When he reached America, he bought a railway ticket to Good Will. Once there, he found a boarding-place with twenty others in the house of a widowed country woman; he bought a cap and a lamp, a pickax and a shovel, and went to work, helping a miner. He lived almost like an animal, thinking neither of body nor soul; only of wife and children and of saving enough money to send home to buy land.

For a year he helped another miner; then came the chance to do that perilous but remunerative thing, blasting coal, by himself.

From the company's store he bought powder and fuse, and went to work in his chamber. One year, two years more, and then house, wife, children, and land.

Fiercely he dug into the unresponsive rock, and lighted the fuse, which was defective, and damp from the sweat of his body. He went back behind the sheltering rock and waited; but the fire did not leap, the shower of coal did not fall. Cautiously he crept near, broke off the seared end of the fuse, lighted it again, and leaped back to his shelter. Again no blast, and he waited five, ten long minutes. The foreman passed by and said the two words of English with which Joseph had grown familiar, and others that he but vaguely guessed at. The foreman was warning him not to return to that chamber, but Joseph did not understand. He was seeing the land, the coveted land; so he crept back, bent over the reluctant fuse, and the charge struck him straight in the eyes.

When he was brought to the top of the mine with burned face and singed hair, the Lady was there to receive him; for that was just why she had stayed in Good Will. She was there with her doctor and her nurses. She asked, "Will he live?" The doctor replied: "I am afraid he *will*—he is not hurt badly, but his eyes are gone."

Joseph lay in the hospital in a soft bed. There were bandages over his eyes and it was dark all around him. With skillful fingers gentle nurses changed the bandages and fed him dainties between his burned lips. He was hurt, he knew; but as he felt his swelling muscle and supple limbs he thought there was nothing serious the matter, and that in a week or a month he would be at work again, getting money for the land.

One morning a man came to him, called him Joe, and told him that he had brought him money, two hundred dollars—all his if he would sign a paper promising not to go to court and ask for more.

Why should he not sign a paper? Why should he ask for more money? What a benevolent gentleman! So Joe made his mark, for he could not write. There were two witnesses, and they signed their names.

A week passed, and another and still another before they removed the bandage from his eyes. He felt relieved with the pressure gone, but something seemed still left lying there—it shut the daylight out. Why not remove it all? The pain was gone. He felt with his hard fingers. The bandage *was* all gone; yet he could not see. A great cry like that of a wounded beast rose from his breast. Blind! Blind! Blind! A beggar! No land, no home—all gone! But he had two hundred dollars which the benevolent gentleman had given him. He could pay his passage home and have one hundred and seventy dollars left.

For one hundred and seventy dollars he had sold his eyes!

The Lady was there. That was why she had stayed in Good Will. She touched his sightless eyes and said: "*Boly?*" (Does it hurt?)

And he cried like a child: "*Boly! boly! boly!*"

Then she said, "*Dobre! dobre! dobre!*" (It will be good! It will be good!)

She meant to fight his case for him. The fuse the company had sold him was defective; he was not sufficiently instructed in the use of powder; the foreman's warning was ineffective, for he did not understand it.

The Lady consulted her lawyer, she appealed to the courts, she fought the company. That was her business; that was why she stayed in Good Will.

But the company had the paper, Joseph had signed it in the presence of witnesses; he had accepted two hundred dollars. There it was in black and white: he had assumed the risk, he had been properly warned; and in consideration of the payment of two hundred dollars he had signed away the right to go to the courts.

Winter had come upon Good Will, and with it bitter, biting cold. The Lady with the millions had gone neither to Florida nor Lakewood nor California. She stayed in Good Will just *because* bitter winter had come, and the miners were there, and Christmas was near—the season of peace and good will.

Every one was talking about the Lady's Christmas. As far as one could see from the hilltop where her house stood, over many a mile of wrecked landscape, past huge breakers and mountains of culm which marked the location of the "patches," they talked of the Lady's Christmas. For two weeks she had been in the city buying, buying, buying, for the miners' children. Toys and candies, stockings, caps, and mittens, and all the things that delight the little ones. Four thousand children were on her list and on her heart, and all of these were waiting for the Lady's Christmas.

At last it came, with the jingle of bells and the lighted Christmas trees. Every school-house and every church in every "patch" for miles around Good Will had a Christmas tree laden with the Lady's Christmas gifts. The children came, and when they went back to the little huts they were gladder than they had been all the year. The biggest tree was in the Lady's house, and thither the children of Good Will came, while their mothers and fathers looked in at the window; for the room was not large enough for all.

Through the drifting snow they led Joseph, the blind miner, to see the Christmas tree. A blind man to see the Christmas tree! As he came in the children made room for him, and he was led nearer and nearer to the tree under the radiance of the light which he could not see. Then he felt the hand of the Lady over his eyes.

"*Boly?*" (Does it hurt?) she asked; and he broke into bitter lamentations.

"*Boly! boly! boly!*"

And she said, in that quiet and solemn voice of hers which sounded like hushed organ tones, "*Dobre! dobre! dobre!*" and put a paper into his hand. The Greek Catholic priest who stood by took the paper and read it—translating it for Joseph.

"I wish I could give you your sight for a Christmas gift, but I cannot perform miracles; so I give you one thousand dollars—" Then Joseph cried, hysterically: "*Dobre! dobre!*" But the priest stopped him.

"A ticket to your home in Hungary—"

"*Dobre! dobre!*" Joseph cried, and again the priest checked him.

"And ten dollars a month until the thousand dollars begin to bear sufficient interest."

Then Joseph fell on his face and stretched his hands out toward the warmth where he knew the tree was and where the Lady must be, and, pressing his hands to his heart, cried:

"*Lady! Boly! boly!*" (meaning that his heart hurt from joy). And the Lady, taking his rough hands in hers, said: "*Dobre! dobre! dobre!*"

. . . . .

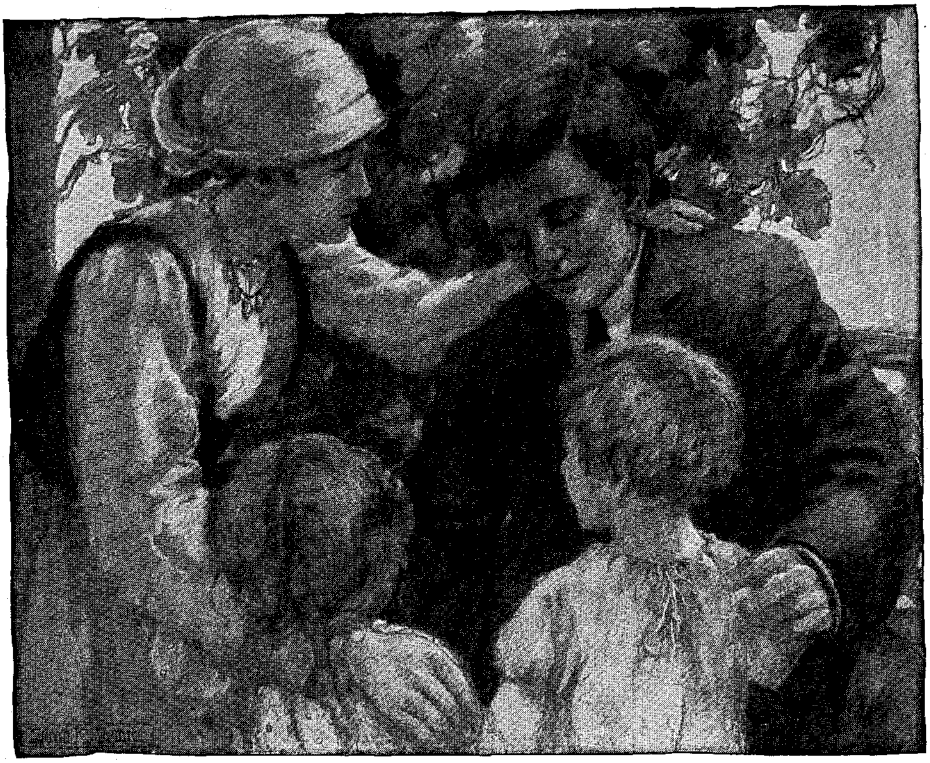
Again I am wishing for the poet's pen to tell what I have seen and felt, and again I write extraordinary facts in an ordinary way. This time I write of defeated soldiers returning home after the battle. As they go to their ship in the gray morning the city through which they pass is as unconscious of their going as it was of their coming.

Thousands of leagues away are the soldiers' mothers who bore them in pain, nourished them with the fruit of hard toil, and clothed them in the woof of their own unremitting industry. Mothers, wives, and children parted from them in tears wiped from their weather-beaten cheeks by the gentle touch of hope.

These soldiers came to our shores determined to fight and win. They did not ask, "Is the day long or short?" They did not fear the dark and damp of the mine or the scorching fires of the belching furnaces. They obeyed the harsh command of their captains, stolidly facing danger and death.

The battle of the year is over—thirty thousand and more were slain; while more than ten times that number were wounded and disabled.

The vast numbers of those who gave life and health for a pittance of wage are these returning wanderers who were born,



"HIS ROUGH, TOIL-WORN FINGERS WILL MOVE OVER THEIR FACES, AND BY TOUCH ALONE WILL HE KNOW HOW THE LITTLE ONES HAVE GROWN"

bred, and nourished under alien skies, and whose names cannot be pronounced by our unskilled tongues.

It is of these survivors who are going home that I wish to write. In broken ranks and small companies they march, led by a man whose interest in them is measured by the number of dollars in their pockets. A pitiable sight are the vanquished ones; hobbling on wooden legs, swinging loose coat sleeves, breathing the damp air with a wheeze which speaks all too plainly of lungs impaired. And, most pathetic of all, carefully feeling their way through the never-changing dark, are those whose eyes were given in the battle—that we might see the more.

Among all these fifteen hundred who have given strength, health, limbs, and eyes to society, only one leaves this country with a reward, and a friend whose solicitude reaches to the ship and across the ocean to the very village from which he came.

No, the Lady cannot give him back his eyes, and what a pity that she cannot! A great, strong fellow he is, this Joseph Polyak. His face almost handsome, now that the veil of blindness hangs over it. His muscular body from head to foot clothed in the best new garments, all a gift from the Lady—besides the money and the pension.

To my inquiry as to his well-being he answered with a pathetic shrug of his shoulders: "*Dobre! dobre!*" Then he told me again and again what the Lady had done for him. Reverently he raised his hand toward heaven, as if to invoke the Deity.

"If I were the Pope," he said, "I would make her a saint." To his sightless eyes I am sure she wears a halo—and that is enough.

The steamship company treats the returning immigrant with the same scant courtesy with which it treated him when he came. In a long, damp shed fifteen hundred of them waited, with no place to warm themselves or to rest their weary feet. They were driven rudely and harshly up the gangplank and their tickets torn from their hands. There was no one to relieve them of their bags and bundles, although above them the cabin passengers, who are not so profitable to the company, walked over soft rugs and breathed perfume-laden air. Courteous officers watched over these cabin passengers and directed them in civil phrases, while beneath them fifteen hundred men who had toiled and suffered to make the holiday in the cabin possible were being crowded like cattle into the steerage. Will the cabin realize this as it looks down upon that crowding host—as it sees these pale faces, flapping sleeves, and empty eye-sockets? Or will it look with suspicion upon them and call them a menace and a problem?

A steward had to be bribed to be civil to this blind man, for the steamship company does not encourage civilities to its best-paying human freight. Joseph Polyak did not complain; all he wanted besides what he already had was a little English book so that he could "teach his children the language of the Lady."

And now he is ready for the long voyage, with the little book clasped to his breast. He will sail along rugged coasts, through stormy and peaceful seas, by glorious islands, to strange harbors; but he will see nothing of the beauty of earth or sea. When he lands, he will be guided by trusted hands to the very village from which he came, and there his wife and children will be waiting for him; but he will not see them. His rough, toil-worn fingers will move over their faces, and by touch alone will he know how the little ones have grown. The wife will weep as she looks into his sightless face, and she will cry "*Boly! boly!*" as if her heart would break. But he will say, with a smile almost seraphic, "*Dobre! dobre!*" and that night, when upon their knees they ask the intercession of their saints, I am quite sure they will pray for the Lady of the Good Will Mines.

THE DEAD

BY ADELAIDE GUTHRIE

Who are the Dead?
Are they the souls who, questing, forth have fared
Through the loose doors of their frail tenements?
Who tarried not for staff, nor wine, nor bread?
Who to the stress of Night their bosoms bared,
Despite our bitter tears, our fond laments?
Are they the Dead?

Who are the Dead?
Are they the souls who, from their larger view,
Regard with quiet eyes our foolish ways?
Marvel that we should seek to stay, instead
Of speeding them to their environs new?
And smile to see the sepulchers we raise?
Are they the Dead?

Who are the Dead?
Say, rather, are not we in full-sensed life,
Bound by our sickly fears, our outworn creeds
That strangely speak of faith,—we, who are led
Apart from Love, by selfish aims and strife,
Stifled, enslaved, undone by our misdeeds,—
Are not *we* Dead?

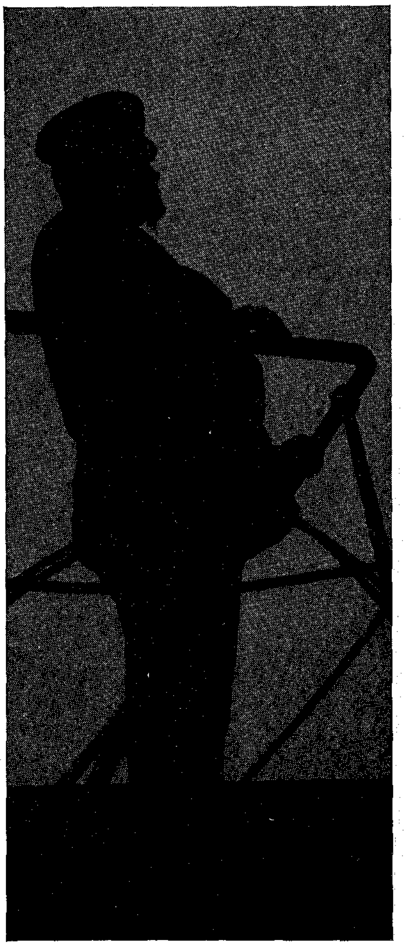
The Race for Ocean Supremacy

By Earl Mayo

A LITTLE more than ten years ago I crossed the Atlantic on the first trip of what was then the largest ocean liner in the world. A distinguished ship-builder who made the voyage at the same time expressed the opinion that this steamship marked the practical limit in size of marine construction, not because of structural difficulties, but because the depth of channels and the extent of fairway in the important harbors on both sides of the Atlantic precluded any considerable increase in draught or length. For half the ensuing decade this prediction held measurably true, and there were relatively slight increases in these two dimensions in the new liners constructed. Within the past five years, however, a new period of expansion has set in. The advent of the Lusitania and Mauretania in 1906 led a renewed movement toward great advances in size. Steamships exceeding the ocean giants of ten years ago by two hundred feet in length and three times as great in displacement are now afloat or on the stocks.

Transatlantic carriers of course do not continue to increase rapidly in number, size, and elaborateness without an increase in the business they are designed to handle. The great expansion of the ocean fleet during the past ten years —greater, perhaps, than in any similar period since the beginning of steam navigation—is an indication of the constant growth of trade and travel between the United States and Europe. But the fleet of great liners has grown far more rapidly than has ocean traffic. During the past ten years the tonnage entering and clearing from the port of New York in the foreign trade has increased over sixty per cent. This is practically twice the increase in the value of exports and imports during the same period. In 1900 there was not a single 20,000-ton liner in existence. At the present time there are fifteen steamships of 20,000 tons or more, if we include the Olympic and Titanic, in service between New York and Europe, adding more than 375,000 tons of carrying capacity in this one class that has come into existence within the decade. The output of newer and ever larger liners, therefore, not only marks the growth of ocean trade, but even more strikingly measures the intense competition that prevails for the commerce of the seas.

Answering to the demands of this keen struggle, great works of improvement in terminal facilities have been carried out. Harbors have been enlarged, channels dredged to a greater depth, new and larger docks have been built. But so keen is the race for supremacy in ocean transporta-



ON THE BRIDGE

tion that the growth in size of the liners has outstripped these improvements on both sides of the Atlantic. Giant steamships are being built even before port facilities are prepared to receive them, in the knowledge that the same pressure of competition that leads to their construction will force the provision of adequate terminal accommodations.

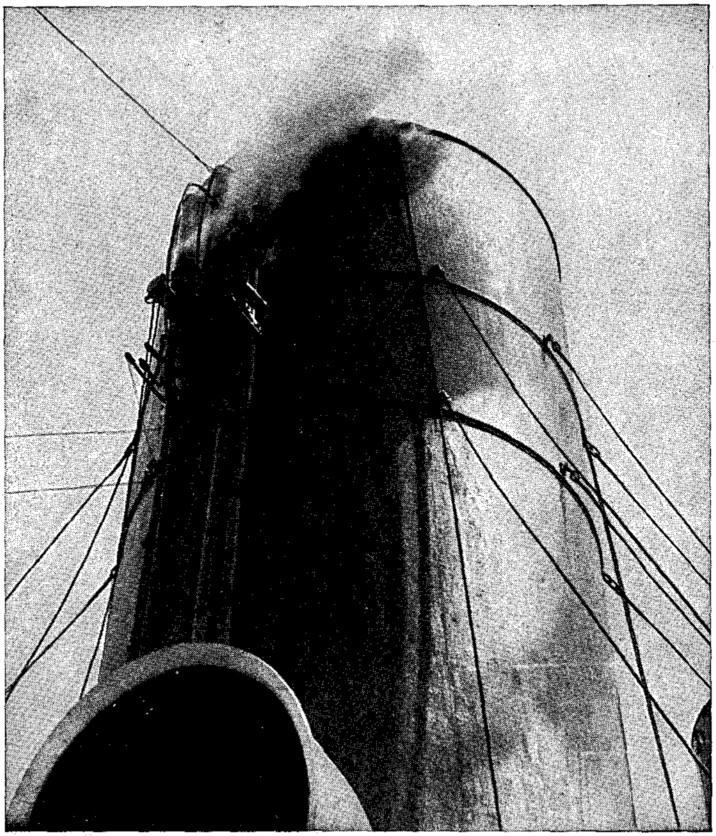
A case in point is that of the Olympic and Titanic, the huge new White Star liners which begin their service this season. These big boats, each 882 feet in length, were built at Belfast. So vast is their bulk in proportion to the harbor space that they could not be launched in the ordinary manner, but were sent off the ways diagonally to the shore line. After taking the water and while being completed it has been necessary to keep dredges at work to prevent sand from accumulating underneath their hulls, so nearly does the draught of the ships match the depth of the harbor. Work is now under way on improvements in the harbor of Southampton, the European terminal of the new liners, which will make it possible to accommodate them in that port. These improvements include the deepening of the harbor channel from thirty-two to thirty-five feet, an increase in size of the dry dock so that it can receive these ships for overhauling and repair, and the building of a new receiving basin 1,700 feet long and 400 feet wide. The sum of $5,000,000 is being expended in order to make possible the handling of these two liners at Southampton.

In New York, the American terminal of the liners, the construction of these great steamships, almost one hundred feet longer than any that preceded them, brought up a serious problem. Since the dredging of the Ambrose Channel, leading from the Atlantic to the lower bay, the harbor approach has a channel forty feet in depth, sufficient for the largest steamship yet projected; but the longest piers on Manhattan Island, the piers which it was necessary for the Olympic and Titanic to use, were only 825 feet in length, or approximately sixty feet shorter than the liners themselves. These are the piers of the new Chelsea improvement in the North River just below West Twenty-third Street, completed only two years ago especially for the use of large ocean liners. With the first of these new steamships due to reach New York in June, it was not until March that permission was granted to make provision for her handling by the temporary extension of two of these piers a distance of one hundred feet.

This situation has brought sharply home to New York the necessity of extending the docking facilities of the port in order to maintain the leading position that it now enjoys in the handling of transatlantic travel and trade. The most obvious immediate way of meeting the requirements imposed by the fact that the steamships have outgrown the docks would be the permanent extension of the latter a hundred feet outward from the shore. This would provide room for vessels 900 feet long. The control of this matter, however, rests with the Federal Government, since it concerns navigable waters, and heretofore the Federal authorities have refused to permit any encroachment upon the fairway of the harbor beyond the length of the present piers. While permission has been granted for a temporary extension of two docks to the length of 925 feet, this grant holds good only for a year and a half, and is issued merely to give time for the provision of satisfactory permanent arrangements.

It happens that the Chelsea improvement is located at the point where the North River is narrowest. Permission to extend the pier line on the New York side of the river necessarily would be accompanied by a similar concession on the New Jersey side. Even with a reduction of two hundred feet in the navigable width of the stream there would remain a free space of 2,650 feet, and it is pointed out that this is greater than the fairway in most of the great European ports. At Antwerp the river Scheldt is 2,000 feet wide, at Hamburg the free space is 1,200 feet, and at Liverpool the distance across the Mersey is from 2,000 to 2,400 feet.

Various plans have been put forward designed to provide ample docking space without extending the bulkhead lines along the North River beyond their present length. One of these is a proposal to build diagonal piers which would give increased length without any further reduc-



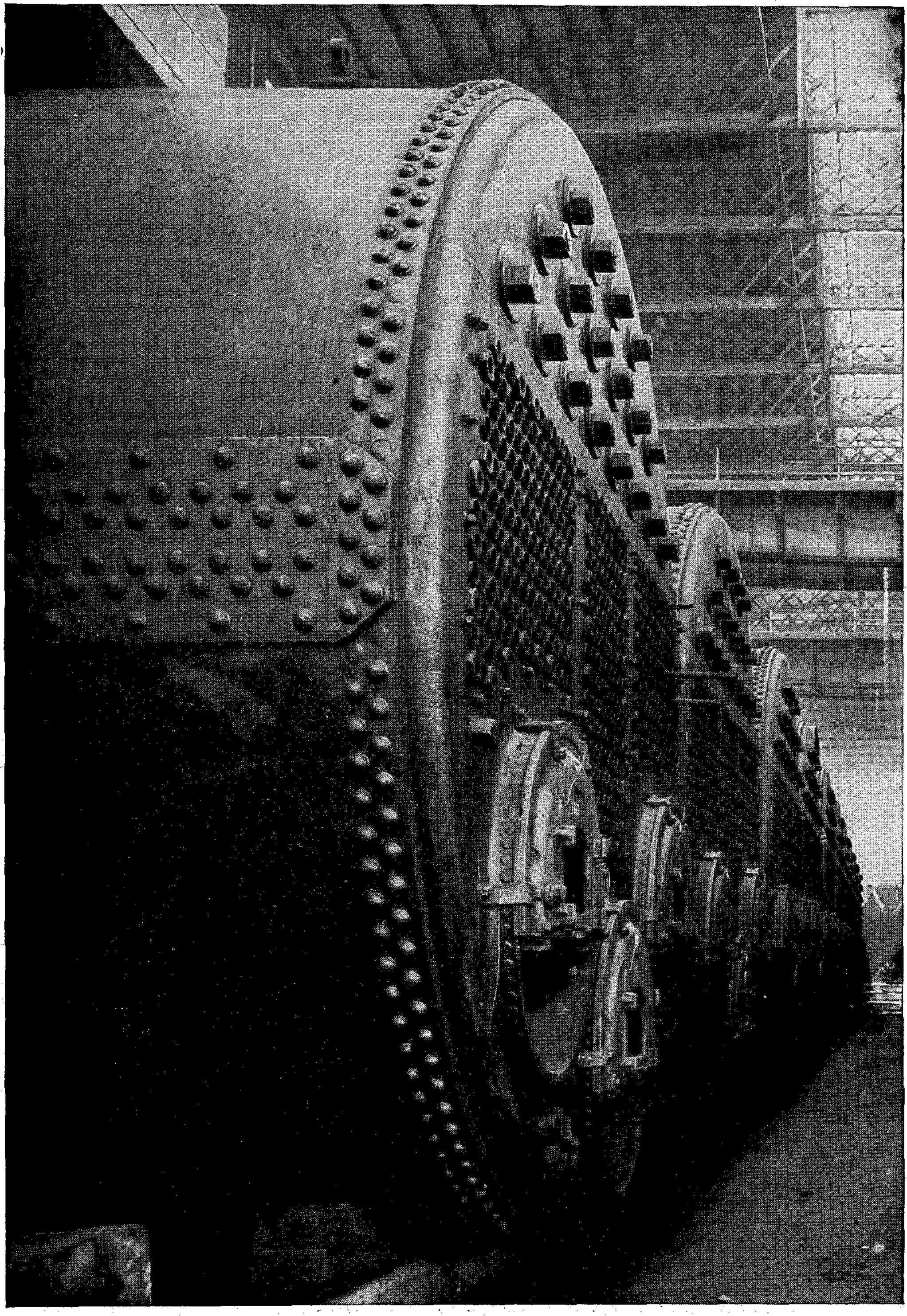
THE STACK RISES TO THE HEIGHT OF A FIVE-STORY BUILDING

tion of the navigable area. Such piers have been constructed farther up the North River by the New York Central Railroad, and it is considered practicable to utilize piers of this type for docking large steamships. While it would be feasible to construct new piers on this plan, it is obvious that to change existing piers to this form would involve tremendous expense.

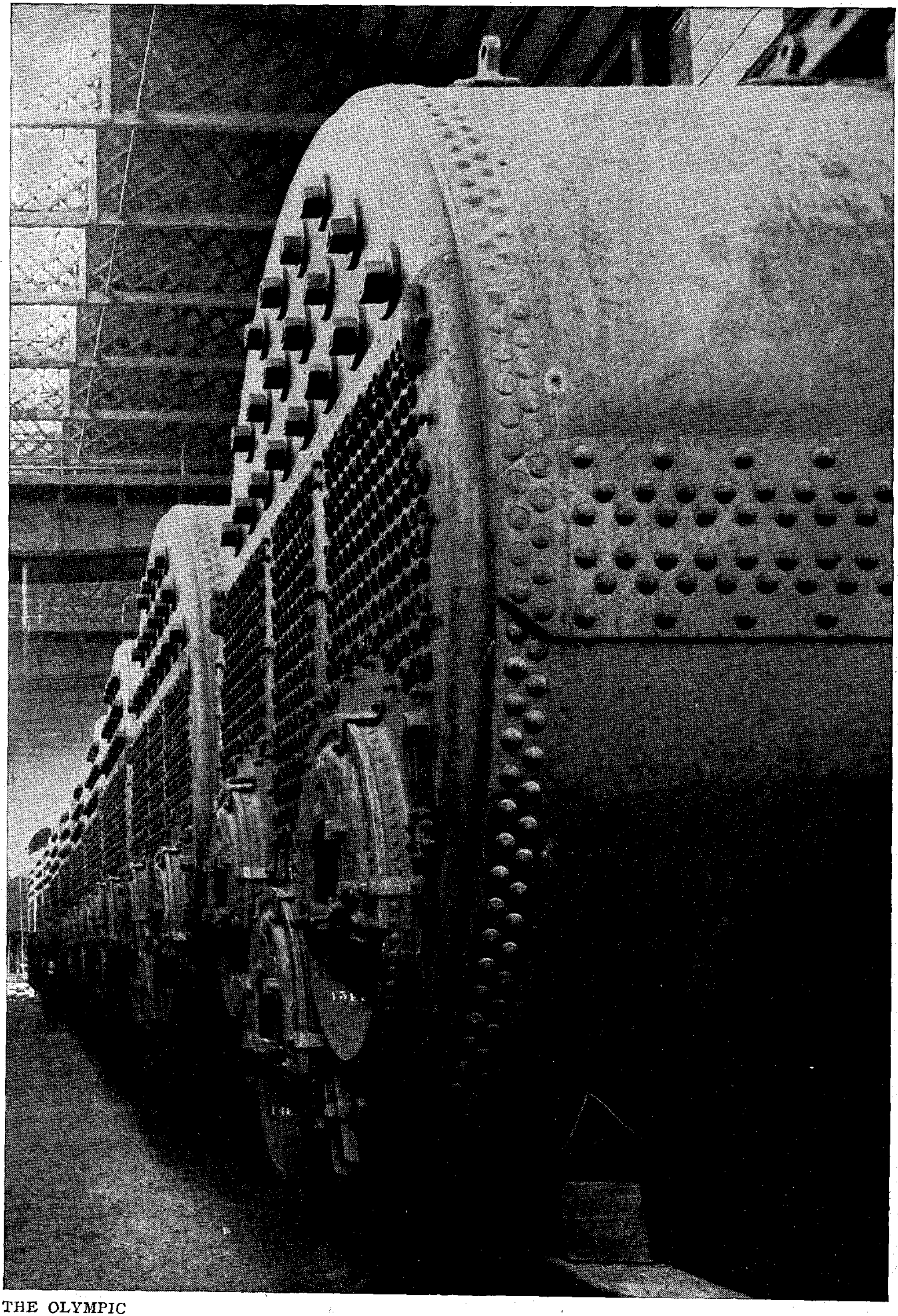
It is possible, of course, to provide docking space for the largest liners now in existence, or likely to be built, at other points in New York Harbor without raising any question of undue encroachment on the fairway. In South Brooklyn the great Bush Terminal system of docks, warehouses, and manufacturing plants is equipped with piers 1,300 feet in length, and is rapidly becoming one of the great freight centers of the city. The objection to the use of these piers for the docking of the big Atlantic liners is their distance from the hotel and railway terminal district of Manhattan. The steamship companies naturally find an advantage in delivering their passengers as near as possible to their destination or to points from which they can continue their journeys.

A proposal which has been put forward many times in the past, but never very seriously considered until the present situation arose, would solve the problem by taking the largest liners entirely away from New York. This plan contemplates the creation of a new port at Montauk Point, the extreme easterly end of Long Island, and the transfer of passengers to New York over the lines of the Long Island Railroad, which now passes under the East River in tunnels, and would deliver the voyagers at the great new Pennsylvania Station in the very center of Manhattan.

It is probable that the greater conven-



THE BOILERS OF



THE OLYMPIC

ience to passengers of landing close to the heart of the city will outweigh other considerations, and that permission will be given for the permanent lengthening of piers on both the New York and the New Jersey sides of the North River. A large extent of water-front is available farther up the river for the building of longer piers without interference with the harbor traffic. From present tendencies it seems likely that this course will be followed, and that some of the liners that now dock at other points in the harbor will be transferred to the Manhattan water-front to the northward of the Chelsea improvement, and in close proximity to the new hotel, theater, and shopping district of the city.

The question of providing adequate facilities for the larger ships now afloat or likely to be constructed is one of vast importance to New York, for much of the prosperity and influence of the city is built upon its position of leadership among American ports in the handling of trans-oceanic travel and trade. In fact, the sharp struggle that characterizes ocean transportation in all its branches extends in full force to rival port cities, and one that lags behind in the provision of greater and ever greater facilities for this enormous business is likely to find itself displaced by some more enterprising competitor.

An example of the keen rivalry that exists between competing port cities is afforded by the sharp struggle that has been going on for years between Liverpool and Southampton. Liverpool has long been a port for shipping from all the seven seas, while the rise of Southampton to its present importance dates only from 1895, when the American Line made it its European terminus. Within the past few years, however, a number of the largest British liners have been diverted from Liverpool to the newer port, its nearness to London and to the Continent making it more convenient for many travelers. Great sums have been expended by both these cities in order to provide facilities for handling the largest ships afloat.

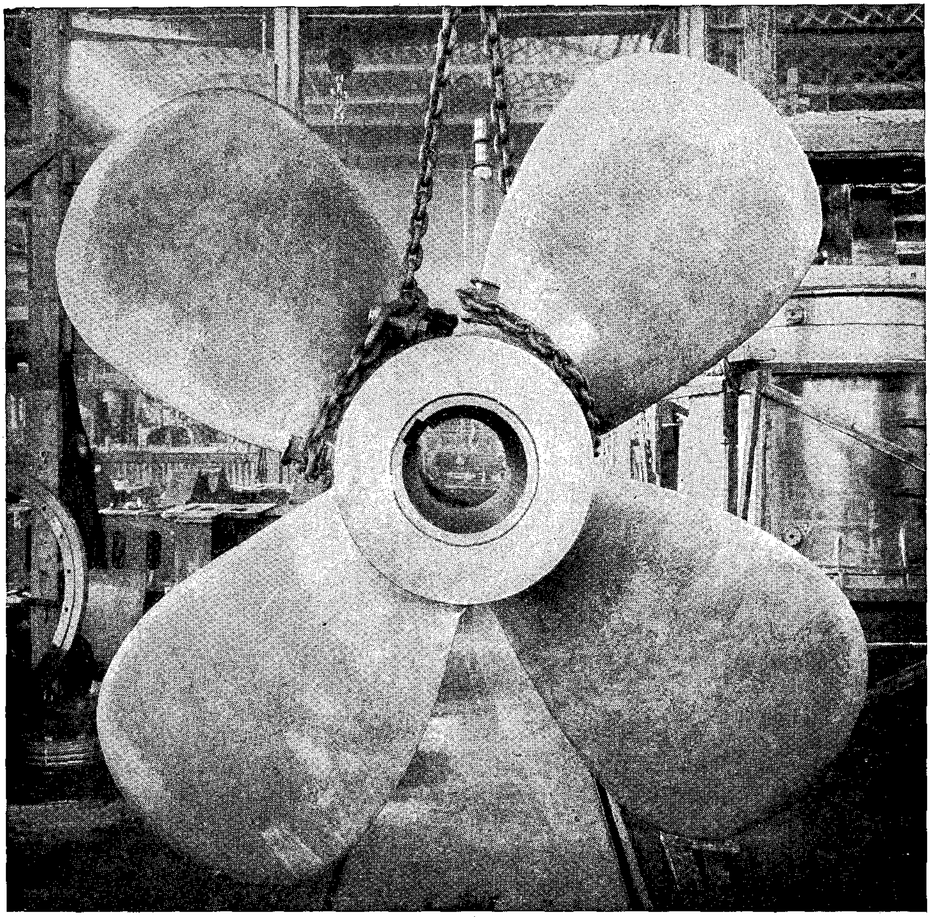
Another port that has grown very rapidly in importance is Hamburg. Hamburg is at once an old city and a thoroughly modern one, its commercial importance having been acquired chiefly within the past half-century. More steamship services converge here than at any other port. During the past twenty years more than $100,000,000 has been expended in improving the port facilities of Hamburg, and an additional sum of $50,000,000 is to be devoted to this purpose. In tonnage it has risen from a position of comparative unimportance until it ranks second only to New York.

While there has been a vast and constant increase in the volume of the world's trade, and consequently in ocean traffic, the value of the products entering and leaving the United States by sea having doubled every twenty years for the past century, the increase of facilities for handling this trade, under pressure of the never-ending contest for supremacy, has led and stimulated the increase in business instead of merely following it as in the case of some lines of effort where the struggle is less strenuous. Travel is a habit that grows by what it feeds upon, and its growth among the people of the United States has been rapid beyond comparison with any other nation, partly because of the abounding prosperity of the country, but partly also because travel has been made easy, cheap, and attractive for Americans. Every year sees an increase in the number of voyagers who cross and recross the Atlantic. Twenty years ago ocean travel was confined practically to the summer months. Now there is merely a change of routes with the change of seasons, and the great liners, running on special winter cruises to the Mediterranean, the Orient, the West Indies, and the southern hemisphere, are only less crowded than they are when plying on the main Atlantic highway at the height of the summer season. Since travel stimulates trade, the swift progress that has been made in adding to the ease, comfort, and safety of communication with other lands has had an undoubted effect upon the commercial development of the country, another of the far-reaching effects of the sharp contest for supremacy upon the ocean.

The very inaugural of line service across the Atlantic was the occasion of a contest for speed supremacy between two rival British vessels. The Sirius, a small steamship that had been plying between London and Cork, and the Great Western, pioneer of the line of the same name, started for New York within three days, the Sirius leaving Cork on April 4, 1838, and the Great Western sailing from Southampton on April 7. After nineteen days, on April 23, the Sirius dropped anchor off the Battery in New York Harbor. A few hours later the crowd that had gathered to view the new arrival was aroused to enthusiasm by the appearance of the Great Western, which had made the voyage in sixteen days, and had all but succeeded in overtaking the smaller contestant.

The real beginning of transatlantic steamship traffic as a regular and continuous service dated from 1840, when the Cunard Line established its route between Liverpool and Boston. The Great Western Line, as we have seen, was established two years earlier, and there had been many crossings under steam previous to that time; but since the Britannia made her initial voyage from Liverpool to Boston in the then fast time of eight hours over two weeks, there has been a steady and continuous connection between the Old World and the New. Incidentally it may be interesting to note that the Britannia was 207 feet in length, with a tonnage of 1,139, or about one-thirtieth that of the largest ships of her line at the present time.

The beginning of the transatlantic steamship service fell, therefore, in the proudest period of the whole history of the American merchant marine. It was the heyday of the Yankee sailing ship that


THE TWENTY-TWO TON PROPELLER OF THE OLYMPIC

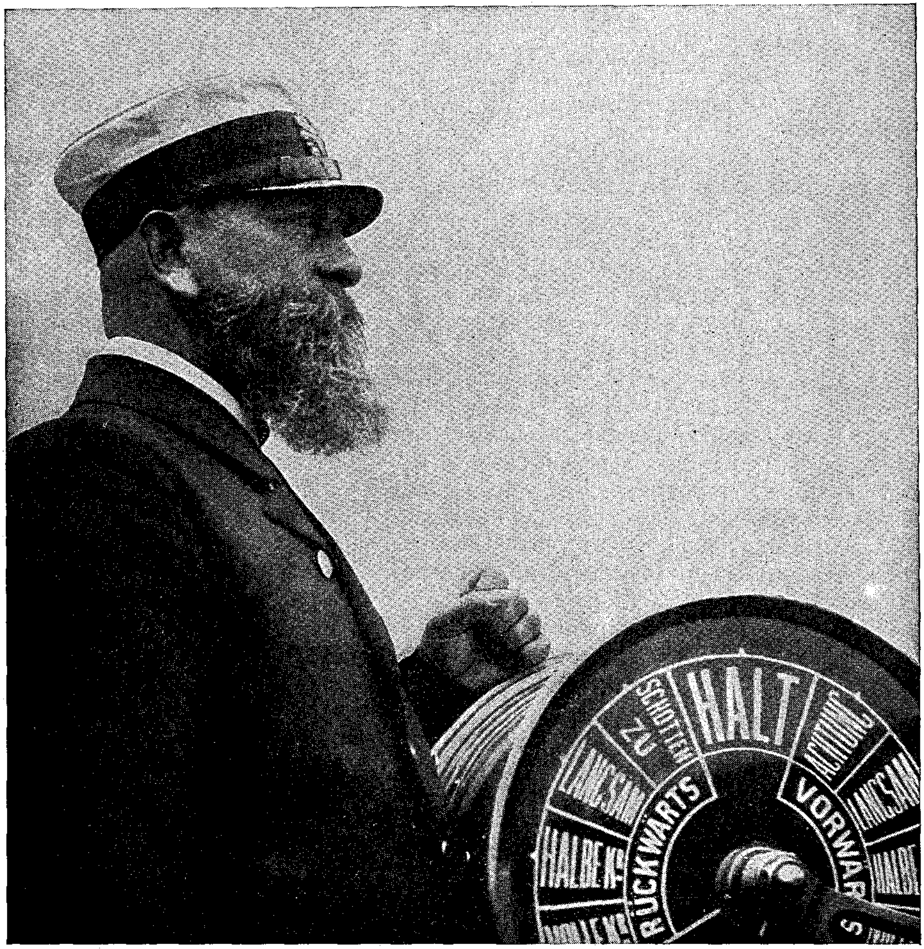
for years had been the pacemaker of the ocean highway, able to outfoot anything else that carried sail, and even to show her heels to the plodding steamships of the period. When it became clear, therefore, that sails must give place to steam, in handling passenger and express business at least, it was natural that Americans should endeavor to retain a leading part in the trade. In 1849 American capital established the Collins Line, with the avowed purpose of excelling the Cunarders, and with a promise to cross the Atlantic in less than ten days. The boats of this line were built for speed and luxury, although they would be sorry little vessels indeed beside the great liners of to-day, and conservative business men of the period were astonished at the extravagance of investing $700,000 in a single steamship. The hopes of the projectors of the line were realized in one respect, however, for one of their boats, the Pacific, in 1851 established a new record of nine days and twenty hours from Liverpool to New York. Soon afterward this record was reduced to nine days and thirteen hours by the Baltic, of the same line. For several years there was a keen struggle between the rival representatives of the two nations, but the Americans found record-breaking an expensive business, and after the loss of two of their boats the panic of 1857 gave the company its finishing blow.

The Civil War followed. As a result of that conflict, and of economic conditions to which it contributed, the United States ceased to be a serious factor in the ocean carrying trade. For many years Great Britain's supremacy remained undisputed, and although in 1891 the United States, by the provision of a mail subvention, established its flag once more on the North Atlantic over four steamships that for a time furnished lively competition in speed with the best British boats, the effort never grew beyond its original accomplishment.

Meanwhile another competitor of Great Britain for the laurels of the ocean carrying trade arose on the other side of the North Sea. The Germans, having taken up the ocean transportation business, proceeded to master it with German thoroughness, and to extend their operations to all parts of the world. By the record for efficiency in the essential features of speed, safety, and service which they established they set a new mark which their competitors were forced to attain. By 1900 the largest of the German lines had produced a steamship which in its combination of size, speed, and luxurious equipment was superior to any product of the ship-builders' art up to that time, and in the years that have followed they have gone on producing ever larger, finer, and more complete vessels.

In the face of this vigorous competition the Britons have been spurred on to renewed efforts, and even the British Government has lent its direct and powerful aid to the effort to maintain the leading position which they had held for many years. As a result, the past decade, instead of witnessing any slackening in the race for ocean supremacy, has seen a decided accentuation of the struggle. The staid business men of sixty years ago who shook their heads over the recklessness of investing $700,000 in a single steamship might well stand aghast if they could see the readiness with which the modern leaders of this traffic spend ten times that sum to secure the temporary advantage of a few feet in size or a few hours in the time of an ocean-crossing over their nearest competitors.

Following the output of the big, swift German boats at the end of the nineteenth century came the seven-hundred-foot White Star giants Celtic and Cedric, the first steamships with a tonnage of over twenty thousand tons. By 1906 the Hamburg-American Line had carried the record for size up to 25,000 tons in the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria. In that year the Cunard Company put out the giants Lusitania and Mauretania, measuring 790 feet, and with a tonnage of 32,500. The present year sees the appearance in service of two more White Star champions, the Olympic and Titanic, which carry the record for length to 882 feet, and the figures for tonnage to 45,000. The race is proceeding without a halt, however, and both the Cunard and the Hamburg-American Lines have under construction steamships which will exceed these in every dimension. The Europa, of the Hamburg-American Line, with a



THE CAPTAIN OF THE KAISERIN AUGUSTE VICTORIA

tonnage of 50,000, is to be ready for service in two years, and will be the first 900-foot steamship.

At a conservative estimate some $60,000,000 has been invested during the past ten years in ships of 20,000 tons or more running between Europe and the single port of New York, and this takes no account of the large number of fine new liners approaching these in size which have been placed in service over the same routes within this period. In no other business in the world, probably, has competition over a long period been so intense as in the ocean steamship business; in no other have such tremendous sums been expended in the effort to gain such slight and temporary advantages, and in no other have such heavy losses been endured over a long period in the effort to win supremacy.

The public undoubtedly has been the gainer by the fact that during recent years this competition has been one chiefly of service and not of rates. In the earlier period rate wars almost constantly prevailed. Steerage rates from Europe to America fell as low as $10, as much as half of this going to the booking agents as their commission. It is a truism that in industrial warfare of this sort only the strongest can survive and that in the end the public bears the cost of such wars. The remedy for this condition in the ocean steamship business was found in the establishment of the various steamship conferences which agree upon rates, make differentials for older and slower boats which enable them to compete, and provide an equalization of rates and service. This is the same measure for the prevention of ruinous rate wars that the railways have applied to land transportation.

On the other hand, the keen competition which prevails and the great increase in the number of big steamships have kept transportation rates low while adding vastly to the comforts and conveniences provided for travelers and to the expedition with which freight is conveyed. This development is most notable where the competition has been most keen—that is, on the North Atlantic. Freight rates here are probably the lowest to be found for an equal distance anywhere in the world. They are so low, in fact, that they have driven the tramp steamships—in spite of their low operating cost and general cheapness—entirely out of this trade.

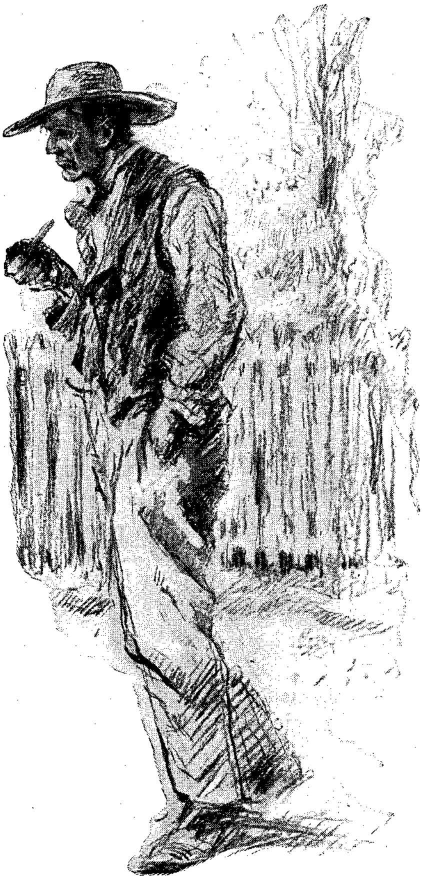
In the handling of passenger traffic the same movement toward lower rates and improved service has been manifest. The rate advertised from New York to Liverpool on the Great Western in 1838 was $250 for a stateroom, and $150 was the lowest price charged for a cabin berth. To-day the minimum prices of cabin fare are about half these, and of course there is no comparison between the two periods in the quality of food, the degree of comfort, and the variety of conveniences provided. In hardly any other business has the principle of regulated competition worked out such effective and beneficial results as in the handling of ocean traffic.

In this connection it is instructive to note also that efficiency is the determining factor of success on the free ocean highways. The rapid rise of the German steamship interests is illuminating on this point. They have come to occupy a leading position in handling the world's commerce through their successful adjustment of the factors of service and economy. The experience of many nations is eloquent of the fact that, while subsidies, subventions, or other forms of governmental support can set a certain number of ships afloat and can keep them afloat, the only factor that can create a successful merchant marine is efficient service at a cost as low as that of competing nations. The largest of the German steamship companies, the Hamburg-American, which is now the largest company in the world, has been built up entirely without the aid of subsidies or Government support of any kind. The great merchant fleet of Great Britain is kept afloat only because of its success in meeting the competition—in service and in cost—of other nations.

That there has been more profit to the public than to the owners and operators of ocean steamship lines from the great advances in size, engine power, and general cost of steamship operation is indicated by the fact that the earnings of ocean transportation lines are uniformly lower than are recorded in most other lines of business requiring a heavy capital investment. According to statistics published in a British shipping journal which is a recognized authority, twenty-three of the larger English companies, with a total capital of $102,000,000, paid an average dividend of 4.85 per cent in 1910, while eighteen German companies, with a capital of $90,000,000, made dividends of 3.93 per cent. Even in years of brisk trade some of the companies operating the largest and fastest liners have been unable to earn any profits for their owners.

The social and economic effects of the rapid growth in size and number of the ocean fleet are not the least interesting of its influences. While it is the outgrowth of the habit of travel, it has helped to confirm and to encourage that habit, particularly among Americans. An imposing array of figures can be marshaled to show the vast sums expended by American tourists abroad, but one need be only a moderate optimist to feel that in its broadening and stimulating influences, in providing a fairer outlook and a saner judgment of both the outside world and our own world, foreign travel is worth all it costs and more. On the side of trade as well these giant liners, shuttling back and forth across the ocean, causing it to shrink to a half, a third, a quarter of its former breadth, are weaving in closer and closer mesh the fabric of the world's commercial interdependence, are making the world's industrial machinery more efficient, war more difficult and more unprofitable.

Why that Sickness?



By Elmer E. Ferris

With Pictures by
Thomas Fogarty

IT was a favorite assertion of John Alexander Dowie in the days of his vigor and power that "sickness comes from the devil." Later on, when sickness got hold of Mr. Dowie himself, he grew less emphatic in the assertion, and yet we have no public record that he ever changed his mind.

Upon reflection it will be seen that, from the standpoint of diagnosis, this theory is not without its advantages, especially in these latter days when the personality of the devil has become such a nebulous matter—almost equivalent, in fact, to "error of mortal mind," which, in point of nebulousness, would seem to be in a class all by itself.

When, upon a certain afternoon in May, Tom Barlow passed through his front gate and started toward the village after his mail, it would seem at a casual glance that he should have been in a joyous mood. It was a sunshiny day. The fields and trees were bursting into foliage and bloom. It was good growing weather, and Tom's farm presented a thrifty appearance. And yet he was not in a joyous mood. Quite to the contrary, his whole attitude was one of gloom and despondency. The reason for this would be seen upon closer inspection, for he had the sallow skin and weary eye of one who had made a formal surrender to a state of ill health. As he glanced across his well-tilled fields his eyes took on a momentary gleam of interest, which, however, quickly faded into weariness in response to an inward suggestion of physical ill-being. He was having one of his bad days.

Barlow's farm was about a mile from the village. His road led him past the home of Miss Amanda Perkins and her sister Belle. As Tom was passing the house Amanda was peering at him through the window-blinds. It was part of her daily task to keep tab upon the passers-by and make appropriate comments. "Land sakes! there goes Tom Barlow!" she exclaimed. "He looks as if he was feeling worse than usual to-day. He's smoking that old pipe, of course. They say that when he ain't smoking he's chewing, but I never seen him when he wasn't smoking. No wonder he's sick!"

"Maybe it ain't tobacco that makes him sick," objected Belle. "There's lots of healthy people that use tobacco."

"Tom Barlow himself admits that it's bad," Amanda argued. "I was over there the other evening, and heard him tell Johnny that tobacco was bad for a boy and that he mustn't use it until he was grown up. I'd like to know how anything that's bad for Johnny can be good for Johnny's pa."

"Perhaps when a man is grown up he can stand it without hurting him," Belle persisted.

"Stand what? Don't that show that there's something to stand? There's no use talking, Belle, tobacco is a poison. Ten drops of nicotine on the tongue of a cat will kill the cat."

"I've heard that said lots of times, but I never seen it tried."

"Well, if you will get near Uncle Hiram some time when he is cleaning his brier pipe and get a good sniff of that, you won't need to have it tried on a cat."

Undoubtedly Amanda had a point here. Any experienced smoker who has had occasion to clean out a well-used pipe, or who has endeavored by a vigorous process of suction to remove the obstructing sediment which has suddenly yielded and deposited itself in his mouth, will readily concede that, if this were to be abruptly deposited upon the tongue of an inexperienced and unsuspecting cat, it would result in instant demise.

"Maybe if a cat would go at it gradual, the way a man does, he could get used to it," suggested Belle. "Take that big tom-cat of Larsen's that prowls around here—don't you think he could?"

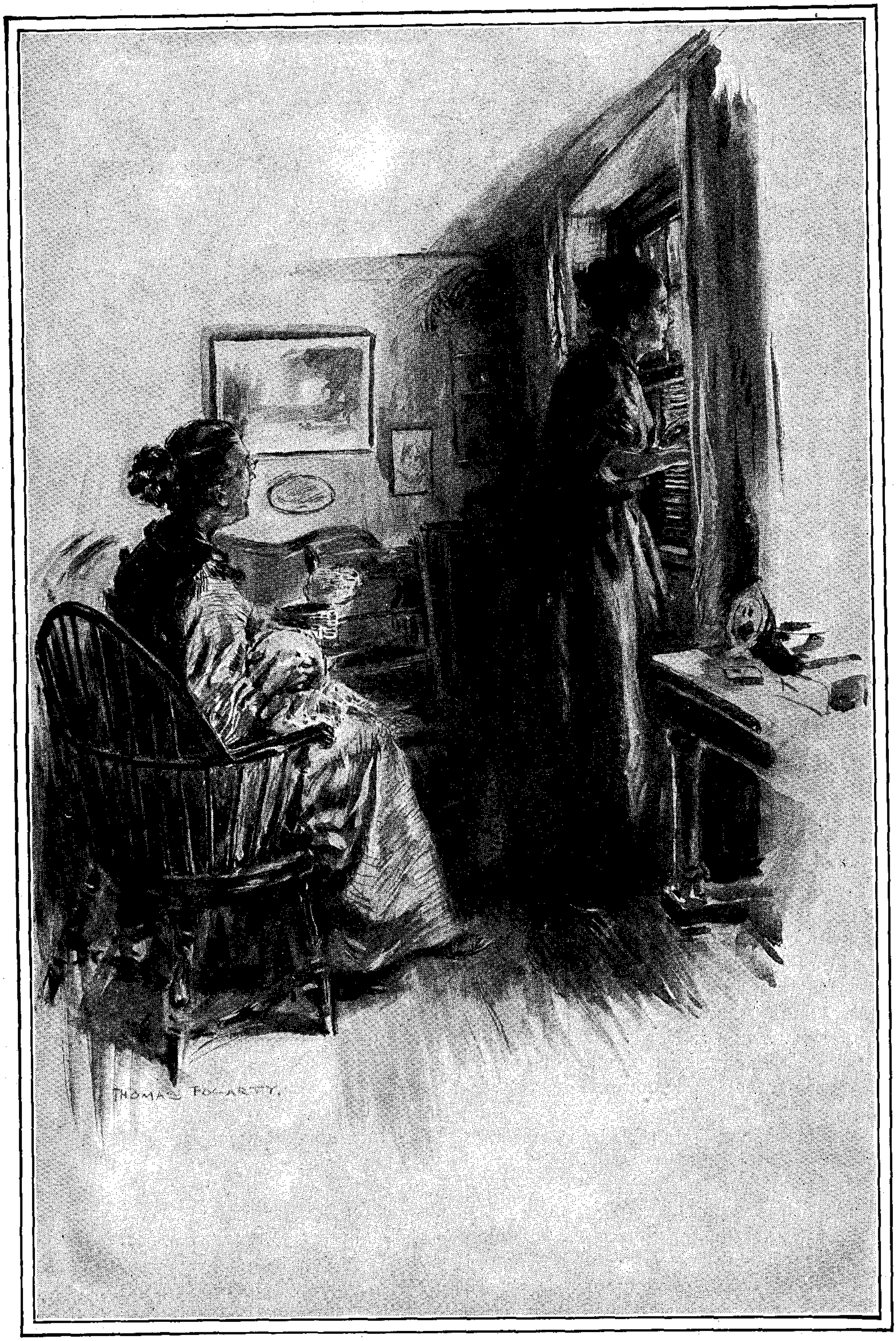
"Now, Belle, don't get funny. You know perfectly well that an animal won't use tobacco, and you know, too, that tobacco is downright nasty. And how can anything that's nasty be healthy?"

Belle made no further reply. In reality, her views were in harmony with those of Amanda, and, as she had prevented the question from going by default, she was now quite willing that the final word should be anti-tobacco.

"If Tom Barlow would throw away that pipe and bury that plug of tobacco," concluded Amanda, firmly, "he would soon be as healthy as anybody."

In the meantime Tom had been plodding dejectedly along toward the village. Just now he was passing the farm residence of young Mr. and Mrs. Jim Gardner. It so happened that at this time Jim and his wife were engaged in a warm discussion of the only subject that ever disturbed the serenity of their home life. Jim was a robust and prosperous young farmer who two years before this had married Edna Garland, one of the daughters in a neighboring family. Edna had always been in frail health. As she grew up it seemed evident that she would never be strong enough to work like other girls, so it was decided to give her an education, and thus place her beyond the necessity of doing any work. She was accordingly sent to a neighboring city and graduated from the high school. This combination of culture and fragile health appealed strongly to Jim Gardner. Edna became his ideal. The dream of his life was to become her husband and devote his vigorous personality to her happiness and welfare. He had health enough for both. It was the day of his life when he led her to the altar and took upon himself the vow to care for and protect her.

After they began to adjust themselves to the exigencies of married life there occurred one of those strange reversals of human expectations that are difficult to foresee, for it was Edna who proceeded to take care of Jim. It came about in this way. Edna, although frail in body, was possessed of a determined spirit. Long before, she had definitely decided to make no surrender to invalidism. Her chief difficulty had been a weak digestion and feeble circulation. She therefore made a thorough study of foods and nutritive values, and carefully experimented until she found a dietary that proved beneficial. She also pursued a system of physical culture which included plenty of out-of-


THOMAS FOGARTY.

"LAND SAKES! THERE GOES TOM BARLOW! HE LOOKS AS IF HE WAS FEELING WORSE THAN USUAL TO-DAY" door exercise, deep breathing, and pure water. By patiently following this regimen she had gradually developed a fair degree of health, which was steadily improving. It was quite natural, therefore, that when she found herself in charge of a household of her own she should wish to order its affairs along lines of rational living—especially in the matter of nutrition. She accordingly began to feed Jim upon those things that he ought to eat and which involved a radical change in his dietary. Jim took it all good-naturedly so far as dinner and supper were concerned. He was proud of Edna's knowledge of dietetics and was glad to please her. In fact, anything prepared by her possessed for him a peculiar charm by reason of that fact, and, so long as there was plenty of it, he cheerfully ate raw vegetables, nuts, fruits, macerated wheat, and various "near meat" preparations without murmuring—that is, at dinner and supper. But when it came to breakfast, that was a different matter. Breakfast was Jim's "best holt." He had always been accustomed to a breakfast consisting principally of fried pork, hot buckwheat cakes, and sorghum—a combination of dietetic horrors that Edna could not for a moment tolerate, but of which Jim was very fond. It was hard for him to get reconciled to the loss of his favorite breakfast. Edna patiently went over the matter with him again and again. She explained to him in detail all about calories, proteins, fats, and carbohydrates, and pointed out the respective functions of saliva and pancreatic juice, to all of which he listened with rapt admiration, for it was a constant gratification to him that he was privileged to be the husband of such a talented girl. The only thing he lacked to make his cup of happiness overflow was the restoration of his old-time breakfast.

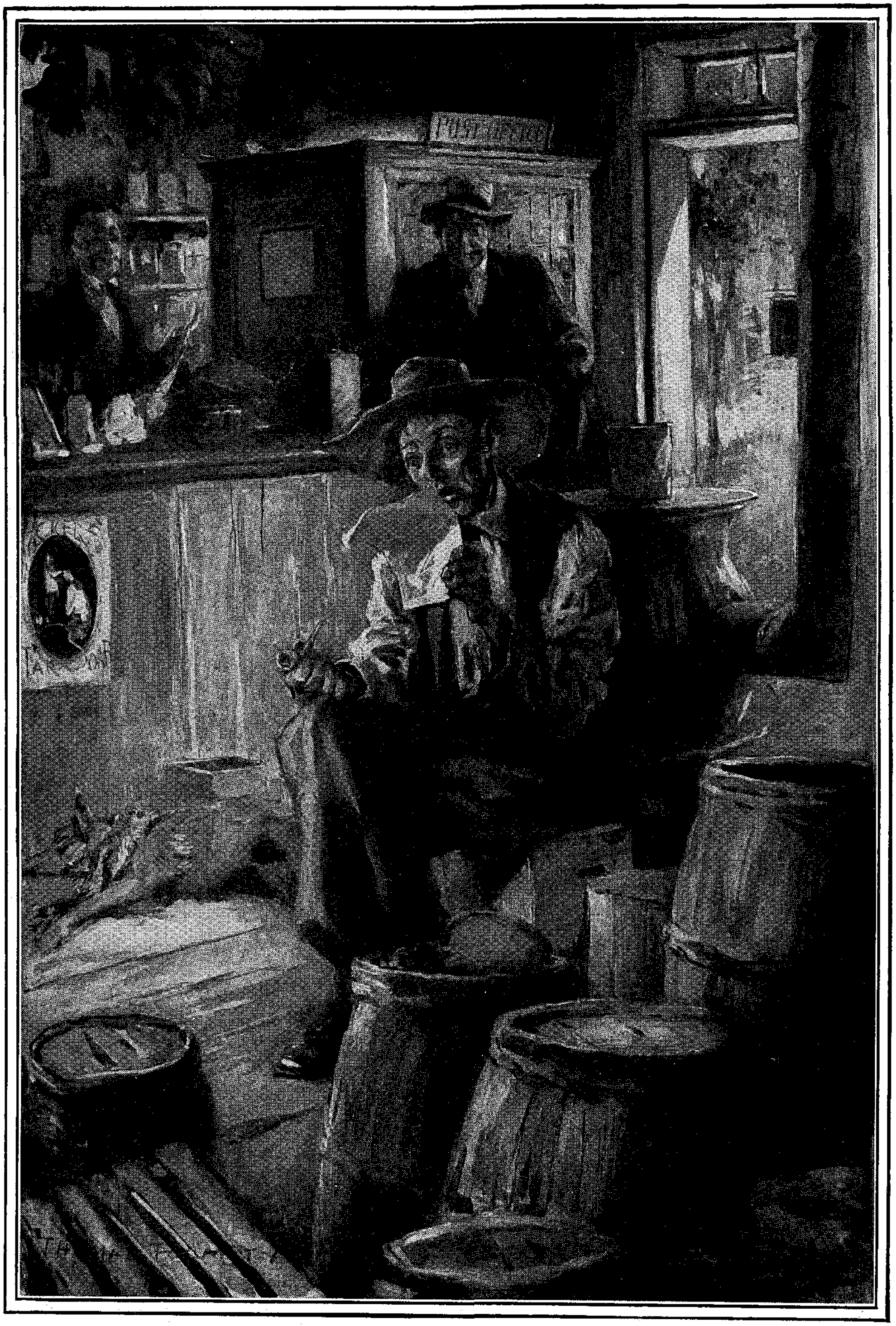
He made no attempt to answer her arguments upon technical grounds, for he was as ignorant of the science of nutrition as a fish is of the theory of swimming, but he invariably fell back upon the assertion that "it never done me any harm." And whenever, at the close of one of Edna's demonstrations, he would make this allegation and offer in support of it his Exhibit A, which was his own proper person, he instinctively felt that he had made a strong case, for he was blessed with a degree of health that amounted almost to vulgarity.

They had just reached this point in the discussion when Edna caught sight of Tom passing along the roadway, and immediately a new point in her favor suggested itself. "There goes Tom Barlow," said she. "Poor fellow, he has such miserable health! Do you know what ails him, Jim? I believe I do. Mrs. Barlow told me the other day that their breakfast the year around consists of fried pork, buckwheat cakes, and sorghum—the very things that you wish. She said that Tom is very fond of these things and always eats a hearty breakfast. That is just what ails him, Jim. It is a case of malnutrition, pure and simple. His system is full of toxins. If he would eat wholesome food and properly regulate the quantity, his health would very soon become normal."

Ordinarily this point would have put Jim out of the argument, but sometimes there come, even to the dullest of us, flashes of inspiration that help us out of tight corners, and this is what now happened to Jim.

"Yes," he quickly responded; "but how about Mrs. Barlow and the boys? They eat the same kind of breakfast he does and they are never sick!"

It was true that Mrs. Barlow was never known to be ill, and as for the boys, they were among the huskiest in the village school. There was a reason for this, not mentioned by Edna or Jim, and which, in the interest of truth, should probably be stated here. It had long been an established custom in the Barlow household that all mention of symptoms and physical disabilities should be the exclusive prerogative of Tom. Early in their married life Mrs. Barlow had discovered that it was better so, and from their childhood she had frequently admonished the boys, "When anything ails ye, jest keep it to yourself; you know how it stirs father up," which, indeed, it did. The slightest suggestion of a symptom from any of the others was sure to bring forth from Tom a rising tide of symptoms, pains, aches, and internal maladjustments in comparison with which their insignificant ailment was clearly unworthy of notice. As a result of this the rest of the family had


POST OFFICE

"READER, PAUSE! WHEN YOU AWAKE IN THE MORNING, DO YOU HAVE A FURRY TASTE IN THE MOUTH?"

long since ceased to admit, even in their thoughts, that there could possibly be anything the matter with them; and thus, in obedience to that strange law of our nature whereby when our physical ailments are in their incipient and nebulous state they require the shock of specific description and frequent complaint to precipitate them into reality, whereas if held in a state of solution by vigorous repression and denial and subjected to the sunshine of a persistent optimism they are more than likely to evaporate into thin air, Mrs. Barlow and the boys were always well. Tom accounted for it on the ground that "Mother is naturally wiry, and the boys take after her." This fact, however, was quite aside from the point Edna was making, and when Jim cited the case of Mrs. Barlow and the boys she offered no further reply, but heaved a sigh and turned to her work, thus leaving the matter in its usual state of deadlock.

Tom had now come within sight of the village store, which was also the post-office. Out upon the front steps were seated Bud Wilson, the clerk, and Bill Carney, one of the customers, engaged in a desultory conversation.

"Hello, there comes Tom Barlow," said Bud. "He walks as if he was all in. He must be worse to-day."

"What do you s'pose ails the old galoot?" asked Bill.

"You can search me."

"But you sell him lots of patent medicine. You ought to know something about it."

"Yes, I sell him lots of dope, but that don't mean that I know what ails him. I ain't a doctor."

Bill persisted. "You've got an idee, hain't you?"

"Yes, I've got an idea, if you must know; I believe all that ails Tom Barlow is in his mind."

"In his mind! Why, sure there is something else ails him. See how yeller he looks."

"That may be caused by what's in his mind. The more I think about it, the more I believe that most of the things that ail us ain't there at all."

"How about that boil you had on your neck last month? Was that only an idee?" grinned Bill.

"That was a socker of a boil, wasn't it?" mused Bud, reminiscently. "But I'll tell you something about that boil. The first day it got so bad I stayed at home with it, and the blamed thing pained me so all day it 'most drove me crazy. The next morning it was still just as bad, but I come down to the store and got busy and put it out of my mind. I wouldn't think about it at all, and most of that day I didn't know I had any boil. Now where was that boil when I didn't feel it and didn't know I had one?"

"On the back of your neck," answered Bill, promptly.

"It wasn't there to me."

"It would have been if some one had hit it a swat."

"Oh, well, I ain't saying exactly that there wasn't any boil at all, you understand; but I put it out of business, all the same, by thinking about something else. If a man can do that with a big boil that is in plain sight, what could he do with something inside of him that he can't see, and that may not be there at all?"

"Yes, but when something goes wrong inside of a man he can feel it. When I had that liver trouble last spring, I couldn't see it, but you bet I could feel it!"

"Maybe that was all in your mind. Say, Bill, you dassent bet the cigars that you've got a liver at all."

"Dassent bet the cigars I've got a liver!" gasped Bill. "I'll go you."

"All right. Prove it."

"Why—why, every galoot has got a liver!" insisted Bill, warmly.

"Prove it."

"Well, when anything is the matt with it you can feel it."

"How do you know it's a liver you feel? It may be something else."

A bright idea occurred to Bill. "See here, Bud, I can prove it this way: every time you kill a beef you find a liver in it."

"Yes, but a beef has got horns and a tail, too. That don't prove that a man has."

Bill grew irritated. It was bad enough to be called upon for tangible proof of such a self-evident fact as the existence of a man's own liver, but to have all his evidence arbitrarily ruled out was exasperating.

"See here, young feller," said he,

threateningly, "ain't you gitting pretty fresh? Do you mean to say that I ain't got no liver when I tell you that I have got one?"

Bill was big and muscular. Bud perceived that the time for diplomacy had arrived. "Well, what you say about a beef may be some proof, and maybe I owe you the cigar, but now you see, Bill, if it's as hard as all that to prove that a man has got a liver, how much harder it is to prove that there is something the matter with it."

"That's right," assented Bill, complacently, as he lighted the cigar. "It was a dang sight harder to prove than I thought it would be."

"The thing for a man to do," continued Bud, "is to go ahead and act as if everything inside of him was all right, and generally it will be that way. The trouble with Tom is he thinks everything inside of him is all wrong. You can make him believe he's got 'most anything. I don't know what he thinks ails him to-day, but I bet that in less than five minutes I can make him think it's something else, and I won't say a word to him about it either."

"How?"

"Well, here is a circular that tells about a new medicine we just got in—Dobbs' Indian Root Compound. It's for kidney complaint. I will put it down here on the counter, where Tom will see it. You keep your eye on him."

Tom now entered the store and nodded to Bud and Bill.

"How's everything up your way, Mr. Barlow?" inquired Bud.

"Oh, the crops is all right, but I ain't feeling any too well."

Bud assumed an air of sympathetic interest. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Oh, my stummick is all out o' kilter. Is there any mail for me?"

Tom leaned idly against the counter while Bud was sorting the mail. Presently his eye fell upon the circular lying before him, which read as follows:

READER, PAUSE!

When you awake in the morning, do you have a furry taste in the mouth? Is your appetite fitful and uncertain? When you rise suddenly do you have a flash of dizziness? Do you have dull pains in the lower region of your back? Have a care! The seeds of disease are in your system! Your kidneys are undoubtedly deranged! Take Dobbs' Indian Root Compound. It flushes and renovates the kidneys and makes red blood. Read the following testimonials.

Tom picked up the circular, and, going down by the stove, seated himself upon a cracker-box and began carefully to scan the testimonials.

Bud glanced up from the pack of letters and shot a wink across at Bill, who shook his head significantly.

Presently Tom arose and beckoned Bud down to the lower counter. "Say, Bud, do you keep Dobbses Injun root—er—er—"

"Compound?" assisted Bud.

"Yes, Dobbses Compound?"

"You bet, and it's a crackajack medicine, too. How many bottles you want?"

"How do you sell it?"

"One dollar a bottle, six bottles for five dollars."

"Well, say, Bud, if I buy one bottle now and it does me good, can I come and get the other five bottles for four dollars?"

"Sure, and you will want them, too. That medicine goes right to the spot."

Tom pulled out his wallet and paid for the medicine, and, gathering up his mail, started wearily back toward home.

"What did I tell you?" said Bud, as soon as Tom got beyond ear-shot.

Bill shook his head in profound disgust. "Do you s'pose he will come after the other five bottles?"

Bud leaned over the counter and spat through his teeth at Carney's dog. "Can a duck swim?" said he.

It would seem that this narrative ought not to close without indicating which one of these diagnoses was correct, but that would be a difficult matter to determine. Probably the truth lay in a combination of all three, leaving, however, a reasonable margin for the operation of that mysterious and malevolent agency that Mr. Dowie called the devil, for who would be so dogmatic as to assert that the devil had nothing to do with this case?

A Boys' Republic

By Katharine F. Ellis

"I believe all childern's good,
Ef they only understand,—
Even bad ones, 'pears to me,
'S just as good as they kin be."

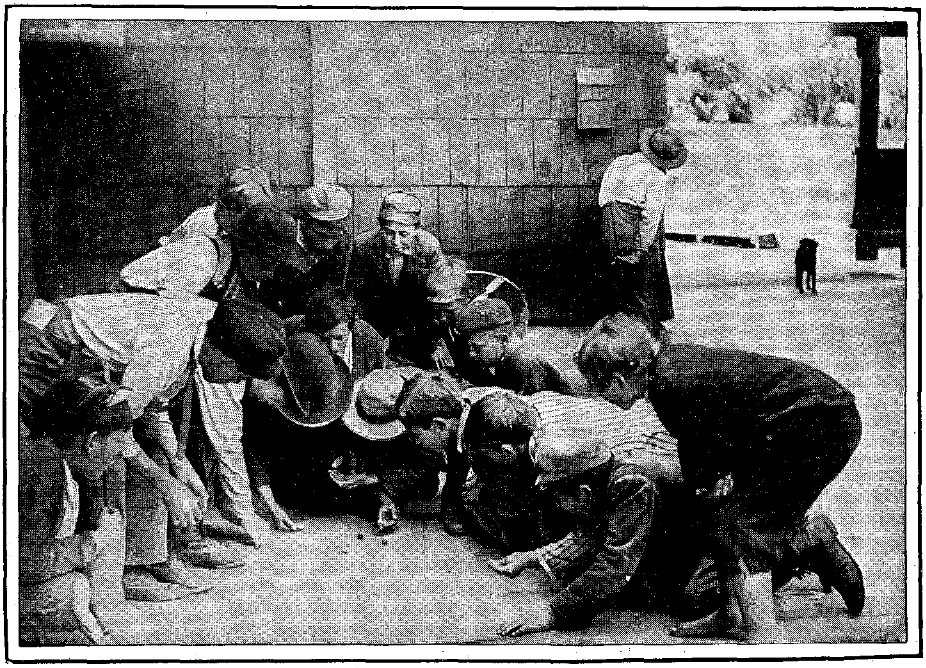
THUS sang James Whitcomb Riley in his "Songs of Cheer," and it is encouraging to find others, now and then, who agree with the poet and can embody the same sentiment toward "childern" in a living, practical reality. Such a one is John Quincy Adams, Jr., who has done just this thing in the methods employed in the Parental Republic not far from Los Angeles of which he is superintendent. When, in my hearing, he expressed his belief that "boys are never bad," I pressed my inquiries as to the lines along which he had traveled in order to reach that conclusion. "I have learned that the boys who are called bad are simply victims of circumstance and environment," he replied, adding that if I would understand more fully his reasons for this optimistic belief I must come to the Parental Republic and make the acquaintance of his family, and he said, "Perhaps you'll be able to understand then why it hurts my feelings to have the members of my household spoken of as 'bad boys.'" My confession that the term Parental Republic was something new to me, and that I was as ignorant of its locality as I was of the work it was trying to do, brought forth the information that it is a detention home to which boys are committed by Judge Wilbur from the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles County, California. Mr. Adams said that at that time there were thirty-two boys under his influence and guidance, emphatically adding, "Thirty-two *good* boys, not *bad* ones." As I met Mr. William R. George and his wife when they were in California a few years ago, and heard from their lips of the work they were doing at Freeville, New York, I was anxious to to know if the Parental Republic was modeled on the same lines as a Junior Republic, and to learn in what respects they differed. That they were not exactly the same was evidenced by the term " Parental " as applied by Mr. Adams to his Republic ; that the enthusiasm of the leaders is the same was shown by Mr. Adams's statement that " boys are never bad," and by the reply made by Mr. George when asked, " What is the most discouraging feature of your work ?" " I have never found any." Here, then, are two earnest men, each working out in his own way the best methods by which irresponsible boys may be made respectable, law-abiding citizens, and, if their methods vary, their object, as to the results of their work, is the same.

When I came to visit the Republic, I was met by two of the boys, who drove me a mile through the San Fernando Valley to the Home, and at that point began my acquaintance with two of the members of the " big family."

Following the bank of the Los Angeles River on the right—a river of sand rather than water—my attention was called to the innumerable pigeons assembled on the sandy river bottom, and as many more flying toward their home—the noted Pigeon Ranch of Los Angeles. The boys, who noticed my interest, said, " There's more than a hundred thousand pigeons over there, and it takes three tons of wheat every day to feed them." When I said that it could be no easy job to count them, more information was volunteered —that the number of pigeons was estimated by the amount of wheat eaten. They claim a residence where they have food enough to eat and nests in which to rear their young—but, alas ! their little ones become squabs in the market-place just as soon as they are big enough to tempt the appetite of man. On our left was a bluff some two hundred feet high, one of the boundaries of Elysian Park, and under the shadow of that bluff we drove until we reached the buildings of the Parental Republic. Prominent among these was a one-story wooden structure, built on the three sides of a paved *patio*, or square, entrance to the various rooms of the building being from this *patio*. The grounds were neat and attractive, showing not only care but ingenious work on the part of the boys. I was greeted by Mr. Adams and introduced for the first time to a Parental Republic. In the half-hour preceding dinner Mr. Adams gave me a brief outline of the history of the Republic, which served as a good background for all I was to learn later. The boys committed from the Juvenile Court are from ten to fifteen years of age. They have been found guilty of truancy, petty thefts, or incorrigible behavior, and the cause of it all can generally be traced back to the home and parents of the children. No trades school is at present maintained, all the boys attending a school on the grounds which is maintained by the city of Los Angeles, with the methods of the public school, except that special attention is given to the mental aptitude or natural leaning shown toward any subject, so that each boy may be developed along the line of his inclination. Before and after school hours a regular system of work is carried on, each boy having his allotted task in kitchen, dining-room, or on the grounds, with freedom to use his spare time for himself when his daily schedule has been completed. Mr. Adams soon found that it was best to eliminate from the minds of these youthful criminals all suggestion of trial, court, and jail, so strongly associated with their former lives, and to teach them to live by a different principle—not so much to avoid certain wrong actions as to take the right path because it is the natural one on which to travel. When talking to the boys at the time of making this change in method, he compared them in the past to a ship sailing through a dangerous channel, all the time guarding against the pointed rocks which surrounded them. " But," he said, " there is another way to be taken now, and this path lies through an open sea, where there are no rocks, toward a harbor which is home." He then instituted a system of credits by which the behavior of the boys, their work, care of their rooms, and all that pertains to their lives is made an incentive to add to the number of credits allotted them. A bulletin board is posted each day in the *patio*, and an interested group gathers around it to learn how each one stands as to credits. The only thing in the nature of a trial is the open meeting on Saturday afternoon, when the boys assemble before their chosen chairman. As each boy's name is called he walks to the front, and the judge says to the boys before him, "What have you against him?" At that time, and then only, are they free to speak up and tell of any action against the code of honor established by the Republic. When the culprit is found guilty of wrong-doing, his punishment is the removal of a certain number of credits. Mr. Adams feels confident that this method appeals to the better nature of a boy, arouses him to better living, while the reverse effect would come from the penalty of jail, solitary confinement, or other punishments suggestive of the world left behind him when he entered the Republic.

The boys are put upon a practical, living basis by the circulation of Republic currency, which is paid out for all work done by the boys, and, in turn, is used by them in payment for board, clothing, etc. By this means they are taught the merit of being self-supporting, with an incentive to earn money with which to pay bills, exactly the same as if supporting themselves in the outside world. I was told by Mr. Adams that each newcomer is allowed a week in which to "find himself," no board being charged him for that time, and he is, to all intents and purposes, the same as a visitor. But he is not considered such with the "regular boarders," who are watching to see the "stuff" that is in him, and whether or not he shows any inclination to "get on to a job." If at the end of the second week he has not applied at headquarters for work, and has shown no disposition to find any for himself, he is seated at the "hard luck table," where the daily fare is poorer, but the disgrace of more account than the food that is eaten. Occasionally there is a boy who finds the fare so much better than that which he has been accustomed to in his own home that he rises above the intended disgrace and considers it no hardship.

At dinner-time I found that the dining-room was large and well lighted, the dishes of decorated ware, and the food simple but well cooked; and, wonder of wonders, a linen napkin was at each plate! The most critical person in the world could not complain of the lack of table manners. An air of freedom was noticeable in the conversation, and the whole scene was more like a real home than a reformatory of any kind.



"BOYS WILL BE BOYS"

"BOYS ARE NEVER BAD"

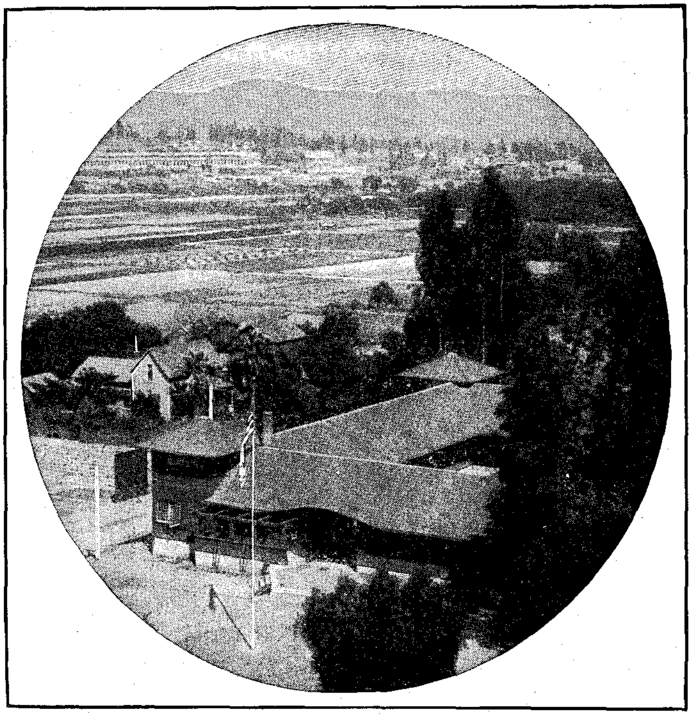
The only signals to be obeyed were the bells for the beginning and ending of the meal. No one came straggling in late, and all left at the same time. Over in the corner was the " hard luck " table, and I learned from the boy at my right that " them fellers don't get no butter nor pie." In talking with him further about his work, he said, " Me and another feller are building a log cabin out there, and when it's done we'll sleep in it, and then we won't have to pay any room rent." His working partner across the way spoke up and said, "And we're goin' to build another house to rent, and then we'll make some money off o' that." " Yes," said Mr. Adams, as I turned a look of inquiry to the head of the table, " I have leased a small piece of ground to these boys at two dollars a month, and they are building cabins, as they say. They have sold the fruit from the two trees on the land—a pomegranate and a loquat—and are perfectly free to do as they like with their property so long as the monthly rental is paid." He explained further that when he wanted work done on the place, such as laying a wall, building chicken-coops, or putting up gate-posts at the entrance to the grounds, he called for bids, and the boys made their estimates and handed them in to the superintendent in a businesslike manner. A contractor pays ten cents an hour for hired labor, so, in making his estimate, he is obliged to figure as carefully as the veritable business contractor if he would leave a profit for himself. This opportunity to do work on one's own responsibility brings out business ability where there is any, and those who are not born capitalists and leaders may join the army of workers and followers, and receive their stated pay.

From the dinner-table I went to the kitchen to see the boys at their allotted tasks under the guidance of the housekeeper; and, by the way, a housekeeper in the Parental Republic must not be one who works for wages merely, but must be a woman without nerves, who has an extra amount of patience, and likes boys in an understanding way. As she said in a mild tone, " Be careful, boys; not quite so loud," there was a slight lessening of the noise of voices and dishes, only to rise again on the next wave. The assistants in the kitchen and others who have special work assigned them indoors and out receive three dollars a week, but, as they are charged three dollars and a half a week for board, they are forced to be on the outlook for chances to earn extra money, and each boy, according to his ability, finds something to do or some means by which he may increase his income. The work done under contract offers an opportunity for the boys to make extra money, and the eight-acre blackberry patch has been the means of putting many dollars of Republic currency to the boys' credit. The pickers of the berries are in charge of one boy, who makes one-eighth of a cent on each box. The business of selling the fruit is left to another boy, who reaches the various dealers of the city by telephone, and, with no advice from the superintendent, makes his price and conveys his fruit to market. When extra help is needed at the picking, Mexicans are called in to assist, but, as the Republic is under county laws, the wages paid to the Mexicans must be first issued in warrants. This doesn't suit the Mexicans, who prefer cash at first sight. At one time Mr. Adams was obliged to obtain the money from his own bank in Los Angeles, and, giving one of the boys an order for the amount needed, sent him to the bank with no admonition or hint that he wasn't a trustworthy individual. The boy returned with the money in due season, confirming Mr. Adams's opinion that all can be trusted if "you only let 'em think you're trusting them."

At the end of the week a card is given each boy, showing the debit and credit sides of his account, and when he receives the amount due him he goes at once to the housekeeper and pays for his week's board and for any clothing he may have had in that time. The balance, if any, is placed in the bank of the Republic to the credit of the depositor. Thus far, when speaking of money, I have referred only to the currency of the Republic—aluminum coins corresponding to the silver coins of a dollar and under. To the youthful citizens of the Republic this currency is as much real money as the coins of France and Germany, though unfamiliar to us, are legal tender in those countries. Each boy knows that, sooner or later, the amount to his credit is redeemed by United States currency, and that when his time

"SALUTE THE FLAG"

expires and he leaves the Republic he is given either the cash or its equivalent. If an opportunity to work has been found for him in the city, the superintendent usually advises the purchase of a bicycle to aid him at the beginning of his business career. And right here is a very satisfactory feature of the work done by Mr. Adams; he does not lose sight of any boy who goes out from his direct guidance. When there are no parents or home for the boy to return to, he is allowed to stay at the Republic as a boarder, going to and from business on his wheel. A portion of the building is set apart for these "boarder boys," with separate reading-room and bath, and, as they are now paying real money for their board, they can be independent yet at the same time have the feeling that they are with interested friends. Feeling a desire for more education at the beginning of a business life, they conferred with Mr. Adams on the subject, expressing their willingness to bear the expense of an evening school at the Republic if one could be maintained, and, with his co-operation, such a school was installed. The earnestness of the boys and their application to study demonstrated that such a school was a necessary factor of the Republic, so the county took up the matter and is now bearing the expense. Other boys, who have homes of their own to which they can return, go back to the Republic on frequent visits, thus keeping up their interest in the Home and their acquaintance with former friends. My attention was called to one feature of the Republic not common in such institutions—that is, the single bedrooms instead of dormitories. Each occupant takes pride in keeping his room in order and making his bed well, as his work is inspected daily by the housekeeper, and the tidy appearance of the room adds credits to his record. While listening to all these interesting details I had been inspecting the building and visiting the school-room, and, passing out into the grounds, I saw the log cabin in course of construction, noted the improvements made under contract by the boys, viewed the blackberry patch from afar, interviewed the tame coyote captured on the bluff above, and, though the boys were beside us at every step, I noticed what



A HOME FOR HOMELESS BOYS

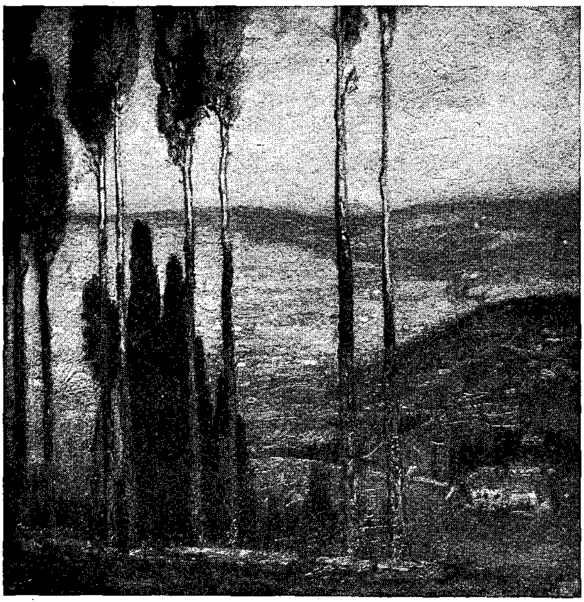
seemed to me the apparent indifference of the superintendent as to what they were doing or saying. There are no " don'ts " in his vocabulary, but I learned that nothing escaped his attention. I was tempted to run to the rescue of a little fellow who, from his position on the back of a larger boy, cried out vociferously as if in fear of being killed, and when at last he was dropped to the ground and his cries turned to sobs, I turned to Mr. Adams, expecting to see him interfere, but, on the contrary, he was viewing the matter complacently and making no move in the direction of the one who had enlisted my sympathies. " Are you not going to see if he's been hurt?" I cried, excitedly. With a very knowing look, he replied in a low tone of voice, " I know my boys, and the ones who cry the loudest are not always those who need the most attention."

Frequent walks or " hikes," as the boys call these all-day jaunts, are taken into the surrounding country, and then, as at all other times, behavior and manners count, for whether at work or play the credit system is a factor to be reckoned with.

In the short time left me Mr. Adams tried to condense as much as possible the various things that make up their daily and weekly programme, that I might gain a practical knowledge of all that he had been telling me in theory. For instance, the boys came in line to his office, as is the custom each Saturday, and received the cards which showed the amount earned as well as the sum due the Home. The Town Meeting was called, the chairman being brought in from an outside "job," and as each boy's name was called he stood before his accusers, who brought no more serious charge against him than "being off bounds," taking fruit from a neighboring orchard, or using bad language. In each case the punishment was the removal of a certain number of credits. That I might see how each day began, the boys were lined up at the entrance to the grounds and went through the same military drill that they have at 5:30 in the morning. Then, marching to the flagpole, they surrounded it in a circle and paid their allegiance to the flag and sang their patriotic song. I was also given an exhibition of some of their athletic "stunts;" a friendly rivalry was maintained, the incentive being the extra credits conferred as well as the satisfaction of "beating the other fellers."

Just as I was about to leave, the housekeeper came into the room and said: " The boys are so hungry they say they can never wait for supper; shall I give them some bread and butter?" " It's always that way when they slide down hill," said Mr. Adams. " Yes, give it to them." Sliding down hill in southern California! What could be meant? I soon learned that a steep hill is the only requisite, and, given that, with material for a sled, any boy can snap his fingers at snow or ice, and these boys of the Republic were able to enjoy the fun of an Eastern winter. As I stepped into the *patio* to gain a view of the bluff where the appetite had been created, an amusing sight presented itself close at hand: the housekeeper surrounded by a crowd of hungry boys who were eagerly receiving the huge slices of bread and butter which she was dealing out to them. It was such a home scene it made my heart rejoice, for even though I caught the odor of the baked beans from the kitchen and knew that there would be enough to eat at supper-time, I was glad that the hungry boys were fed, and that in the Republic there was no rule which barred " eating between meals." When at last their appetite was appeased, they were ready to give me an exhibition of the kind of sliding offered in a country devoid of snow and ice. I watched them dragging their home-made sleds to the top of the bluff, and, as they passed out of sight, I could not see them when the start was made, but soon they came rushing down at break-neck speed, following the narrow trail, skillfully dodging the trees, and steering their sleds by their heels. They had not only borrowed the winter pastime of the East, but had also adopted the favorite position of the small boy who makes coasting a business and declares there's only one way in which it can be done properly.

The boys who come to this Parental Republic from the Juvenile Court have every opportunity to become good citizens and respected, self-respecting men.



LANDSCAPE BY JOHN C. JOHANSEN

Art in Indiana

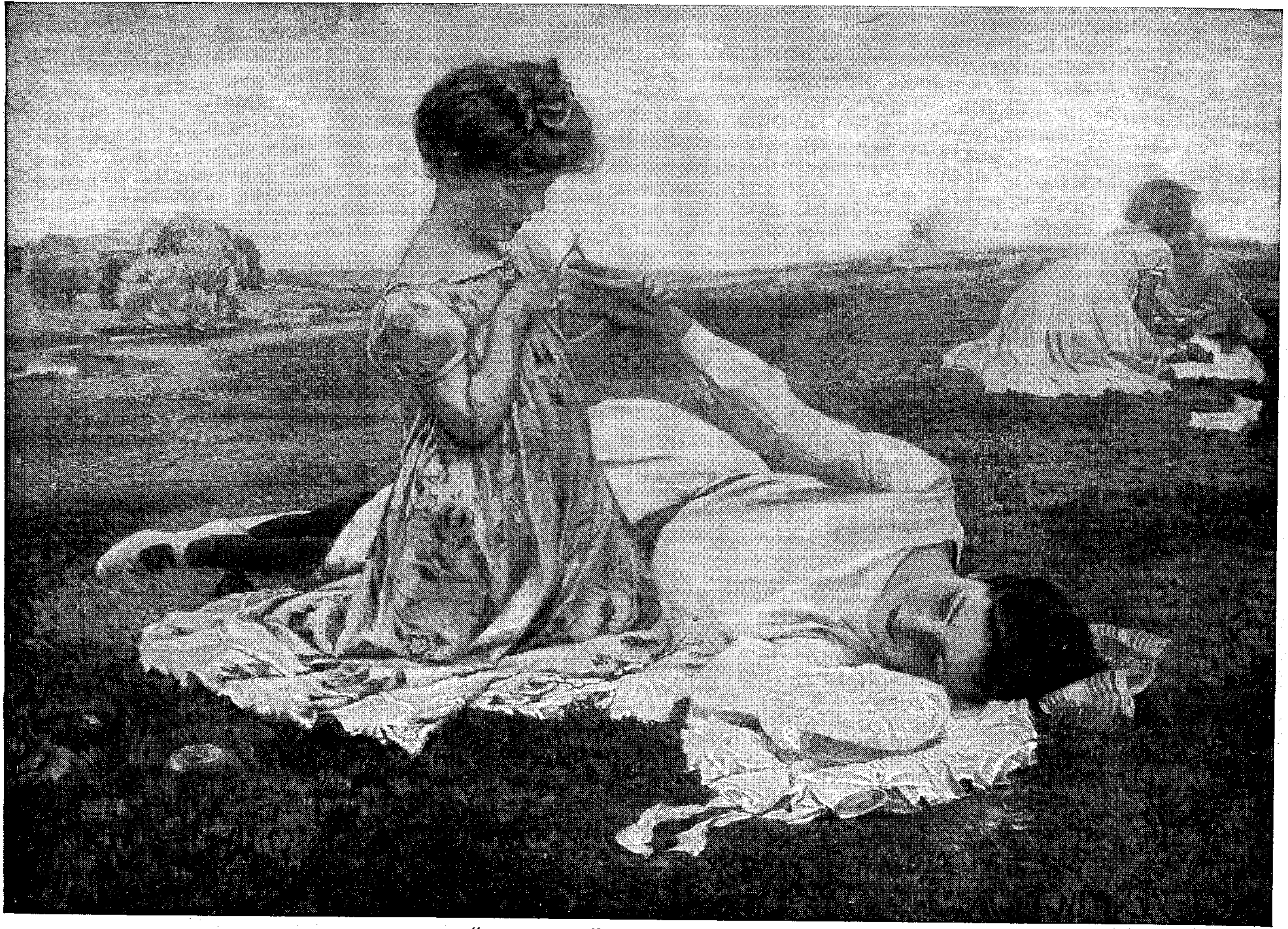
By Ella Bond Johnston

ART is art the world over, and it may seem that the title "Art in Indiana" is without significance. It is the purpose of this article to show, by telling the story of some dreams that are coming true, that the way of art in the Hoosier State is of special interest and full of hope for all of that growing number of people who believe in the possibility of æsthetic development for native Americans, and who desire that art shall find its opportunity for a natural expression in our democratic civilization.

Not all Indianians are of Yankee origin. Many of the grandparents came overland from the Carolinas and many were Quakers; their descendants are not in a hurry about the matter of living, and they enjoy contemplating the events of life; and, it is said, "reflection is necessary for the awakening of the sense of beauty." The people who pause to look on while the hurried procession of humanity goes by may seem to be stupid gawks, and some one in the procession may hit it off glibly and cry, "See the Hoosier!" but the Hoosier, while standing apart and gawking, may, in reality, be learning to see and to think.

His mind was wonderfully illuminated by the genius of his own Hoosier poet. From James Whitcomb Riley he first learned that beauty is a common possession, and that the good Lord did not slight Indiana nor her people. Under the poet's inspiration, the Hoosier looked about with "seeing" eyes and discovered that he had near at hand all the storehouse of beauty; that he could look out any day on that wonderful changing panorama of form and color, light and shade, that the face of nature presents everywhere, every day, from the earliest dawn to the last of its fading twilight.

He learned also another fundamental truth of art—to feel romantically about the beauty of his own environment. He knows that the shadows hang as surely over the valleys of the hills of Brookville



“THE WISH,” BY H. M. WALCOTT

and Bloomingdale, that the waters of the Wabash, the Whitewater, and the little Bean-Blossom in Brown County flow by as "forever" as they did in that early age when Dido swore that her love for Æneas would remain while shadows fall and waters flow.

To see beauty in the familiar landscape, in the familiar face of neighbor and friend, and to feel beautifully and romantically about it, are the beginnings of art. This "inner seeing" of the Indianians has found outer expression in a surprising amount of original production in both literature and painting. Whether or not it will stand in the future as good art, it is in a large measure native, intimate, and personal, expressive of the country and its people.

The third step in æsthetic development—to learn from the great artist and catch his inspiration—is difficult anywhere in America when the subject is painting and sculpture, and especially difficult in a State remote from art collections. The Hoosiers have not wasted energy in sighing for the unobtainable old masters, but, in their faith in the worth of things American, have endeavored to become acquainted with the best art in this country, believing that for art culture purposes the best original American paintings are better than copies or photographs of the old masters.

The work of the pioneer society in this art educational movement in the State was recorded in The Outlook when the story of "An Art Association for the People" was published, April 27, 1907, setting forth the work accomplished in Richmond, Indiana. The fifteen years' experience of this Richmond association in maintaining art exhibits of a high order of merit, free to all the people in the town, has been an inspiration to other towns in the State to undertake a similar work.

The city of Muncie, some forty miles northwest of Richmond, was the first to see the advantage of co-operation, and for the past six years has joined with Richmond in obtaining an annual art exhibit to be shown in both cities. An Art Association was formed on the plan of the Richmond association, by calling together business men, club women, school officials, local artists, and art lovers, for the avowed purpose of bringing works of art free to all the people, for their enjoyment and cultivation, and of establishing a permanent collection of art for the city.

An influential member of the Commercial Club of Muncie is President of the Art Association. The men of this club are certainly not wanting in idealism, for they have generously moved out each year for two weeks and turned over their fine club parlors to be used as galleries for the annual art exhibits. They also contribute freely to the Expense and Picture Purchase Fund. The Art Association buys a picture each year out of the exhibit and hangs the collection in the Public Library. It contains, notably, a Carlton Wiggins, a Childe Hassam, a Leon Dabo, and a Colin Campbell Cooper. These for the people of a boom town in Hoosierdom! The President of the Muncie Art Association was heard to regret deeply that the expensive dome on the Carnegie Library was not a sky-lighted room for hanging pictures. (This is thrown in not for a gentle hint but for a real jolt to the imagination of donors and builders of public libraries.) The co-operation between Richmond and Muncie demonstrated the possibility of getting better exhibitions at reduced expense and at the same time bringing the pleasure of art to many more people.

An art revival was started to increase the number of cities taking the exhibit, and there were preaching and praying, exhorting and singing, around the State in true evangelistic spirit, until in 1910 seven of the most important cities in the State were ready to join a Circuit, with art associations organized and funds raised, to handle and display, locally, an art exhibit. The exhibition that was collected to travel this Circuit contained sixty-two paintings and thirty-two small bronzes, and was personally selected in the studios of artists in New York City, Chicago, and Indiana. Since this exhibit was carefully selected with the idea of having a well-balanced group of subjects and frames, it presented, when hung, a harmonious whole, more charming than many of the larger and more important exhibitions.

A glance at the catalogue shows such names among painters as John Alexander, Charles Francis Browne, Colin C. Cooper, Irving Couse, Leon Dabo, Elliott Daingerfield, Edward Dufner, Charles Warren Eaton, William Forsyth, Ben Foster, Lillian M. Genth, Robert Henri, George Hitchcock, Wilson Irvine, John C. Johansen, Jean McLane, Luis Mora, De Witt Parshall, F. Hopkinson Smith, T. C. Steele, Albert Sterner, Douglas Volk, H. M. Walcott, Fred J. Waugh, and Irving R. Wiles. Among sculptors, such names as Chester Beach, Robert Aitken, John Boyle, Caroline Peddle Ball, Abastenia Eberle, Eli Harvey, Clara Hill, Frederic Remington, Janet Scudder, and Enid Yandell.

It may be wondered why these artists were willing to contribute of their best work to this Indiana Circuit Exhibit. First, because the management is business-like, using every safeguard for careful handling of works of art. Second, naturally enough, with the hope of sales—and out of the group ten sales were made, a fair average as sales go in exhibitions—but also from a willingness to help the cause. Artists have faith in American art and are willing, almost to a man, to do a share of missionary work to awaken interest and broaden the field. Would that art patrons in America had the same faith in American art and knew that it is better business to buy good examples of American painters than second or third rate old masters at ridiculously high prices!

The Indiana Circuit Exhibit opened with a two weeks' display in Fort Wayne early in March, 1910. Here a few men of the Commercial Club paid the expenses, the Art School officials handled it, and the Public Library furnished the place. The lecture-room of the library was very cleverly converted into a gallery by closing all the windows and hanging the entire wall space with wrapping burlap and by lighting with electric trough lights ingeniously supported on the picture rail. Thus, without in any way marring the building, the exhibit was attractively hung. Eight thousand people attended the exhibit, including the children of the public schools. "Late Afternoon, Venice," by Edward Dufner, was sold.

It was here that a group of children standing before a painting by John W. Alexander was asked how many of them knew about Lincoln and Longfellow. Of course all the hands went up; but when asked if they had heard of George Inness or Mr. Alexander, not one could answer yes. What a strange, one-sided educational system it is in America that leaves out a knowledge of her art and artists as unessential; and yet in generations to come, after many famous Americans have been forgotten, pilgrimages may be made to the Art Gallery at Pittsburgh to see the decorations by John Alexander and to discover what democratic Americans were like in the twentieth century, for it is art that survives to tell humanity's story.

It might seem to a stranger traveling through Fort Wayne on the railway that no one there was thinking of beauty and art; but that would be far from the truth. This city had a "civic revival," and extensive plans are made for a city beautiful, which Fort Wayne with "might and main" will some day see accomplished, including in the plan, be it hoped, an equestrian statue of brave Anthony Wayne, their namesake hero.

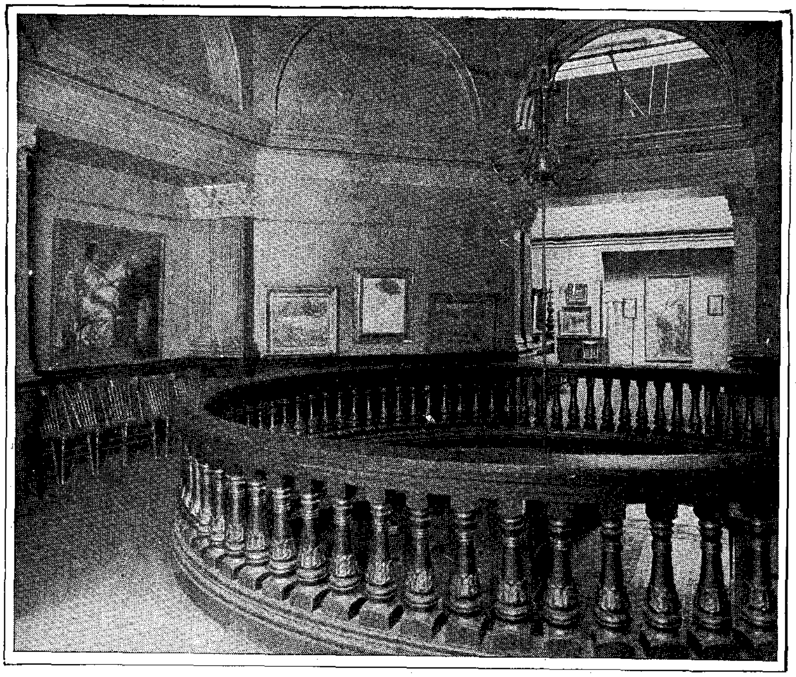
In Lafayette, the second city in the Circuit, the deficiency of an art gallery was supplied in 1910 by the auditorium of a fine new Young Men's Christian Association building, which, with care in hanging, made a good exhibition place. Here, again, was a Citizens' Art Association formed of members from the Faculty of Purdue University, located in the town, club women, and business men, with the Judge of the Court for President, all wanting to bring the influence of beauty into their town and willing to work for it.

When the "Circuit Rider" appeared on the scene in the late afternoon before the opening night of the Lafayette exhibit, her presence, though expected, was scarcely noted, so busy was every one in the room getting the last picture adjusted and the palms decoratively placed. She stood by the door watching the activities in the room, and inquired of the friend who greeted her, "Who is the gentleman on the step-ladder that seems so anxious to get that landscape in just the right place?"

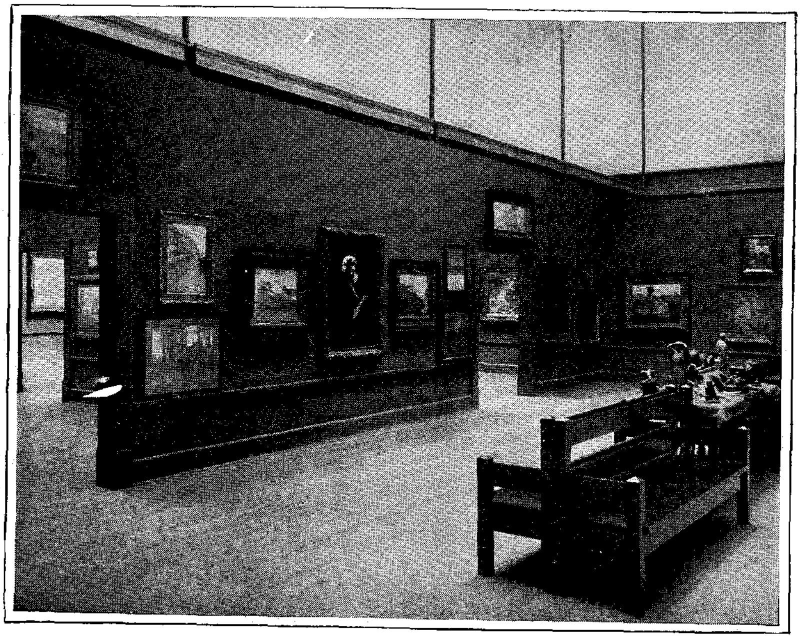
"That is Judge ——, our President; he has helped faithfully with the hanging."

"And who is this other man, on his knees in the corner of the room?"

"Oh, that is Professor ——, from the



THE COURT HOUSE AT LAFAYETTE, INDIANA, USED IN 1911 AS AN ART GALLERY



THE PUBLIC ART GALLERY IN THE RICHMOND HIGH SCHOOL

University. He is arranging the extra electric lighting for the pictures."

"Who is the tired lady who left the room?"

"She is Miss ——, head of the Art Department at the University. She has worked so hard for the success of this exhibit that she must rest before the opening to-night."

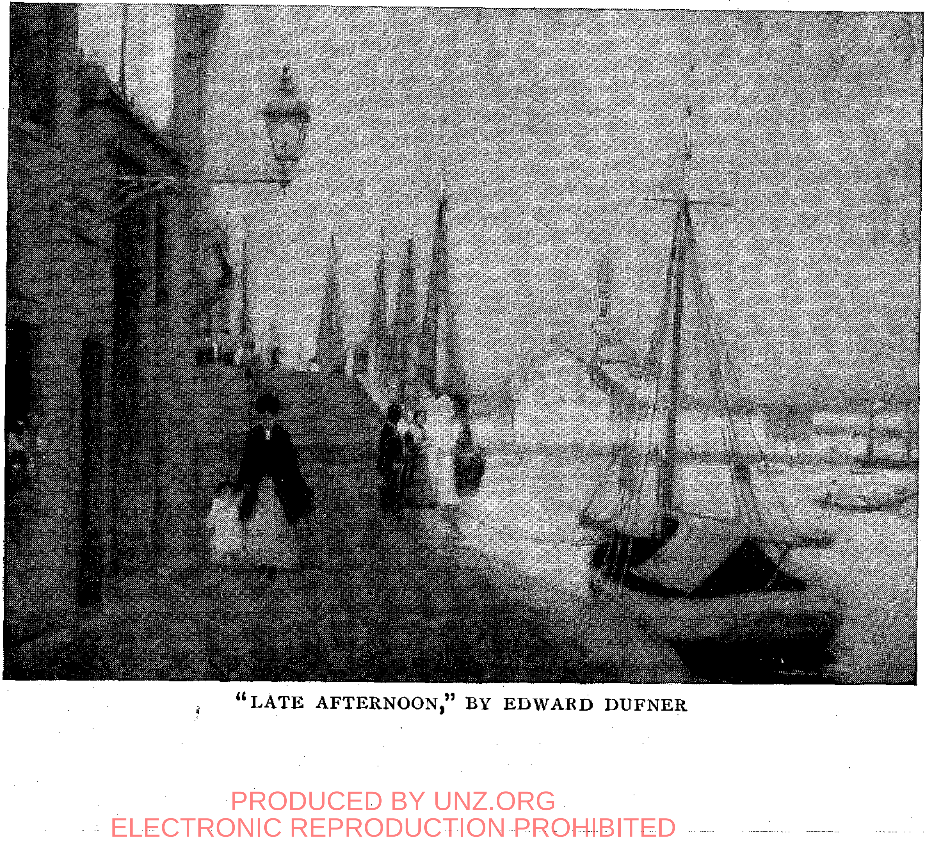
"These other women, who are they?"

"They are the faithful club women who had the first inspiration and are willing to do a full share of the work, and these other men you see helping are the husbands of the club women."

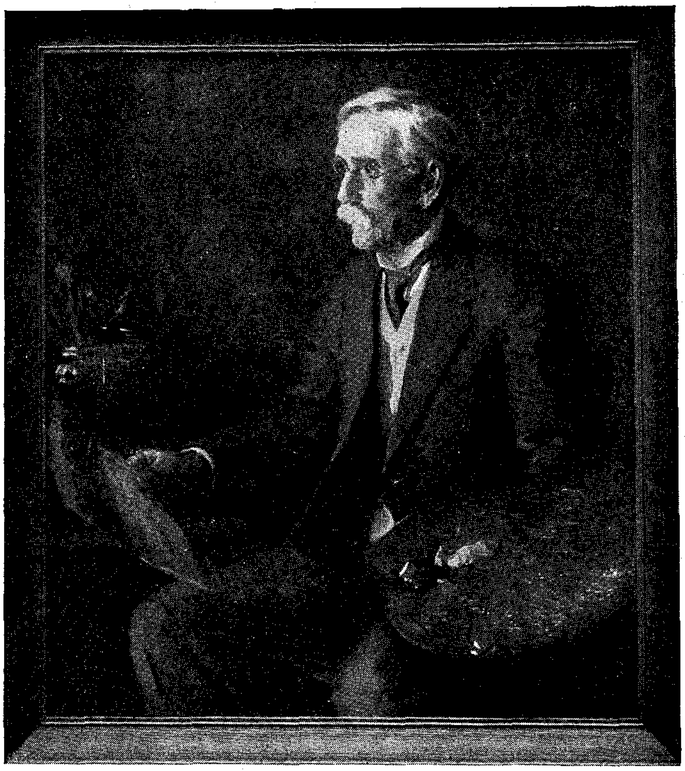
The "Circuit Rider" concluded that in the hands of such a group of people the art exhibit in Lafayette would certainly prove an educational and democratic success, and it did.

In Terre Haute the Art Club and the Art Section of the Women's Club joined forces to organize an Art Association to take the Circuit Exhibit. It is a city of some seventy thousand inhabitants, situated on the bank of the Wabash, and is what a business man calls a good town, having as much soft coal smoke in its atmosphere per cubic inch as any town can boast of. But this distinction has not blinded its people to existing conditions nor extinguished in them the human desire for beauty. While they had the disadvantage of a poor exhibition place, having to use a large vacant homestead, no art exhibit ever had a more splendid attendance. During the two weeks that it was open twenty thousand people attended, and the allotment of one thousand catalogues was sold out before the closing day.

When the round, rosy son of Erin who was delegated by the Chief of Police to be on guard in the Terre Haute exhibit was spoken to about the dullness of his job, he said: "Not at all; I like to be here, the pictures are so beautiful." And he continued with childlike simplicity, "I didn't know paintings were so beautiful." The word "beautiful" came from his lips as though for the first time he comprehended what it might mean. Then he added: "They are all beautiful, but I have, this first day here, picked out the one I like best. Of course I don't know anything about art, but this is my picture," and he pointed out an Italian landscape, "Fiesole," by John C. Johansen. Any one who saw Mr. Johansen's "one-man exhibit" in New York City will remember



"LATE AFTERNOON," BY EDWARD DUFNER



A PORTRAIT BY ROBERT GRAFTON

this painting and think well of a policeman who would like it.

It was here, too, that a student from the normal school came in one evening, and, after taking a hurried look about the rooms, left in great haste. He returned in a short time with a group of people, explaining to the woman in attendance, "I never saw any real paintings before, and they are so beautiful I wanted my friends to come right over and see them."

The fine democratic ideals of the cultivated art lovers in the Terre Haute Association were admirably realized in making this exhibit a means of education and happiness to twenty thousand people in their community; and to give permanency to the work they collected a fund and purchased "Lake Como," by Charles Warren Eaton, for the beginning of a public collection of works of art for their city.

"Old Vincennes," with her enterprising modern "Alices," was the second town in Indiana to organize an Art Association after the Richmond plan. Here the people had the inspiration of a background of interesting early history and of local pride in the old cathedral, with its paintings and rare illuminated books. After holding three annual exhibits which they arranged for themselves, and though smaller than the other cities, they courageously came into the Circuit last year. The Vincennes exhibits have been held in June in the high school building, and are a community summer festival. Their purchases for a permanent collection have, in most instances, been the paintings of Indiana artists, and they hang in the high school.

The Art Association of Indianapolis generously contributed to the success of the Indiana Circuit Exhibit by hanging it for the summer months in the Herron Art Institute. The story of this Institute and the fine work it is doing in the capital city is another matter, and cannot rightfully be included in this Circuit Exhibit story, further than to indicate the Institute's willingness to help the cause of art in the State.

The *first* town, in many respects, in the Circuit, though the last to display the 1910 Exhibit, is Richmond. It was represented as the Fourteenth Annual Exhibit of the Art Association and the inaugural exhibit of a new public art gallery.

Since the account of the Richmond Art Movement was published in The Outlook in 1907, a noteworthy thing has been accomplished there, which, so far as I know, has no parallel. The Public School Board, which had lent encouragement and aid in many ways to the art exhibits, deemed it essential and justifiable to help perpetuate this art movement by including in a new high school building a real art gallery of three rooms, with skylights, electric trough lights, and suitable backgrounds.

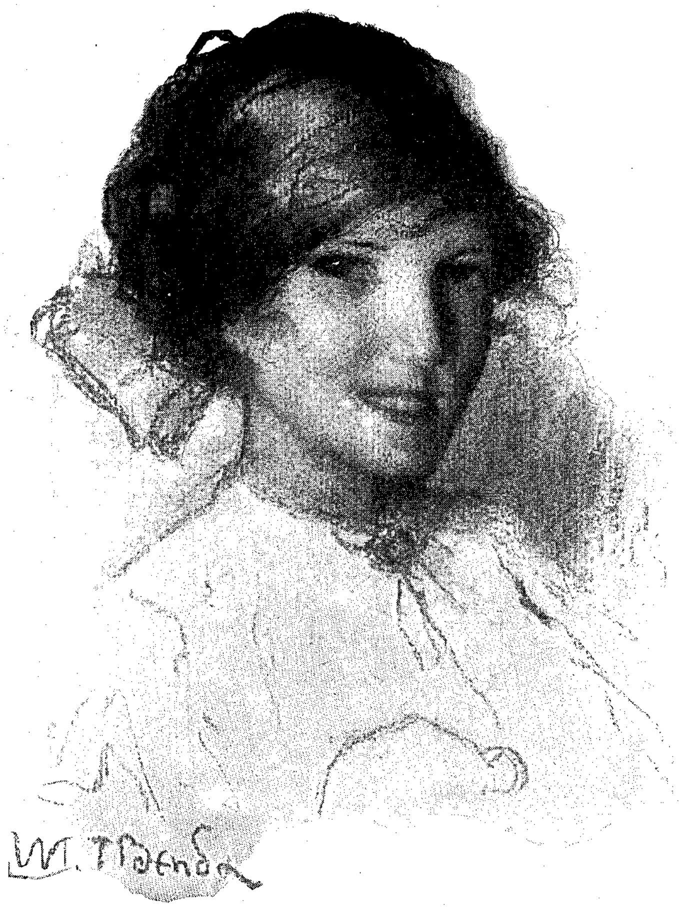
One of the small galleries is hung with the permanent collection, now numbering nineteen paintings, and the others are used for current exhibits, of which there were five during the year following the opening Circuit Exhibit. A list of these is significant of what the gallery will mean in the future education of the children and citizens. For two months, in November and December, the galleries were filled with the work of Richmond painters and craftsmen; in January was held a portrait exhibit by Robert W. Grafton, an Indiana painter; in February, a group of paintings by Birge Harrison, of New York City, was shown; in March and April a collection of one hundred oils, water-colors, prints, and carbons was selected from the six hundred pictures owned by the public schools for a special showing in the galleries; and in May and June was held the annual exhibit of the Drawing and Manual Training Departments of the public schools. All of which seems to demonstrate that in a high school a gallery is as useful as an auditorium to the students and the citizens. It is as essential to the educational value of the art department as a laboratory is to the science department.

In democratic America there is no better place for an art gallery than a public high school. Here its influence reaches all kinds of people, and it is all kinds of people that are to have a voice in making a "Beautiful America," and need to learn from the artist what beauty is. The Richmond gallery has served the needs of the school and the town in many ways. The teacher of drawing brings her pupils in to study the paintings. The Professor of English found in the exhibits a definite subject at hand for written themes and class discussion. The pupils came in crowds to the gallery, voluntarily, whenever talks about the pictures were given. The gallery proved a most attractive place for holding a reception to the parents of the high school pupils, and also to the students of a local college. Several clubs of the city came for special meetings in the gallery during the exhibits.

It was a beautiful occasion when the people of Richmond came out to the gallery in numbers to see the portrait of one of their leading citizens, their "grand old man," that had just been painted by Robert Grafton. Honors were about equally divided between the sitter and the artist who had done his work so well. Was not this community interest suggestive at least of that earlier day when a painting by a local artist was carried in triumph by the citizens down the streets of Florence?

It must be recorded that all the cities taking the Indiana Circuit Exhibit have enthusiastically entered again for the 1911 Circuit, and a still better exhibit has been selected for them. Besides this Circuit eleven of the smaller towns are taking an exhibit of thirty oil paintings by Indiana artists—in all, eighteen towns in the State that will this year have a thoroughly good art exhibit.

This experience with art and human beings in Indiana has led to some definite conclusions, and many hopes and dreams for the future of art in America. We have seen this for a truth, that sensitiveness to beauty is found among all classes of people, and that taste develops in the presence of art. We know that art is not a thing foreign to the comprehension of the average person, that it is a natural expression—is a common thing—neither too fine nor mysterious to satisfy a daily human need. We hope and believe that civilization cannot become so material, so scientific, but that some sensitive souls will see these realities spiritualized, idealized, into visions of beauty, as John Alexander has seen the smoke, the steam, and the laborers of Pittsburgh, or as Ben Foster sees the Litchfield Hills, to paint their over-soul.



ANTOINETTA

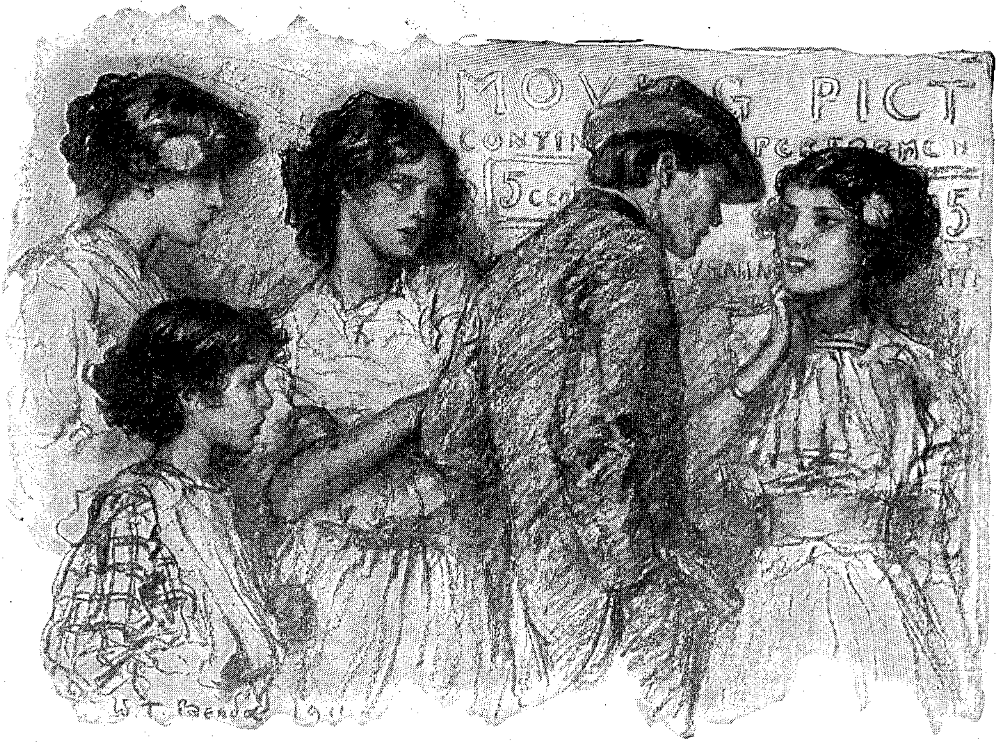
Some Picture Show Audiences

By Mary Heaton Vorse

With Drawings by Wladyslaw T. Benda

ONE rainy night in a little Tuscan hill town I went to a moving-picture show. It was market-day; the little hall was full of men in their great Italian cloaks. They had come in from small isolated hamlets, from tiny fortified towns perched on the tops of distant hills to which no road led, but only a *salita*. I remember that there was in the evening's entertainment a balloon race, and a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and a mad comic piece that included a rush with a baby-carriage through the boulevards of Paris; and there was a drama, "The Vendetta," which had for its background the beautiful olive terraces of Italy.

I had gone, as they had, to see pictures, but in the end I saw only them, because it seemed to me that what had happened was a latter-day miracle. By an ingenious invention all the wonderful things that happened in the diverse world outside their simple lives could come to them. They had no pictures or papers; few of them could read; and yet they sat there at home and watched the inflating of great balloons and saw them rise and soar and go away into the blue, and watched again the strange Oriental crowd walking through the holy streets of Jerusalem. It is hard to understand what a sudden widening of their horizon that meant for them. It is the door of escape, for a few cents, from the realities of life.



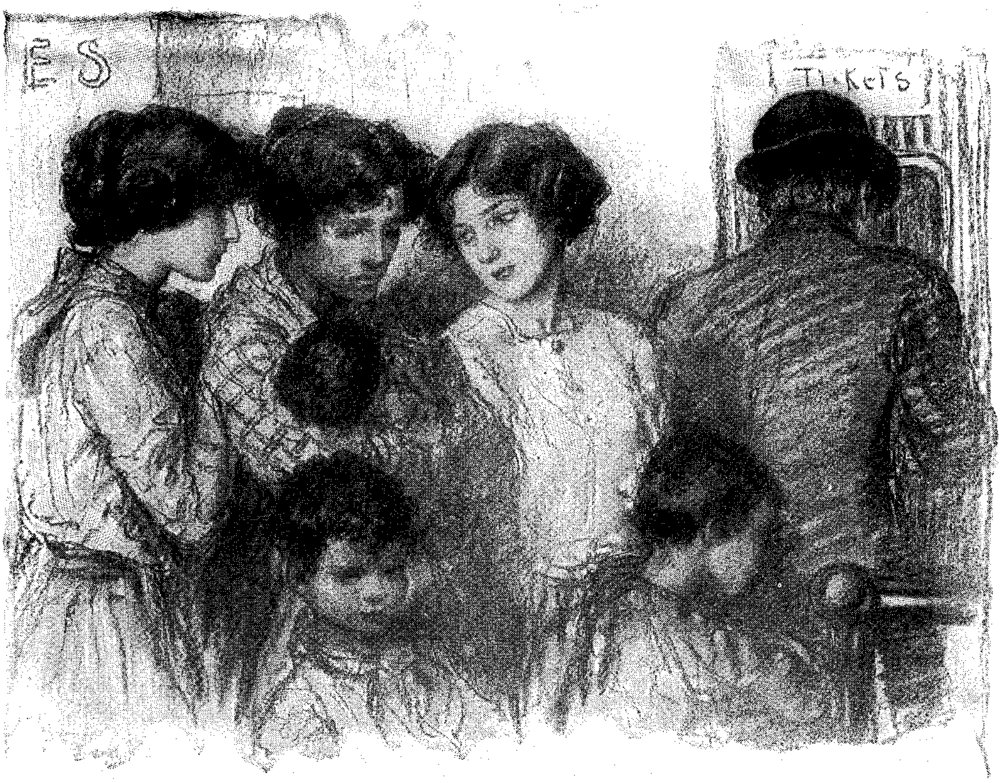
THE LINE AT THE

It is drama, and it is travel, and it is even beauty, all in one. A wonderful thing it is, and to know just how wonderful I suppose you must be poor and have in your life no books and no pictures and no means of travel or seeing beautiful places, and almost no amusements of any kind; perhaps your only door of escape or only means of forgetfulness more drink than is good for you. Then you will know what a moving-picture show really means, although you will probably not be able to put it into words.

We talk a good deal about the censorship of picture shows, and pass city ordinances to keep the young from being corrupted by them; and this is all very well, because a great amusement of the people ought to be kept clean and sweet; but at the same time this discussion has left a sort of feeling in the minds of people who do not need to go to the picture show that it is a doubtful sort of a place, where young girls and men scrape undesirable acquaintances, and where the prowler lies in wait for the unwary, and where suggestive films of crime and passion are invariably displayed. But I think that this is an unjust idea, and that any one who will take the trouble to amuse himself with the picture show audiences for an afternoon or two will see why it is that the making of films has become a great industry, why it is that the picture show has driven out the vaudeville and the melodrama.

You cannot go to any one of the picture shows in New York without having a series of touching little adventures with the people who sit near you, without overhearing chance words of a *naïveté* and appreciation that make you bless the living picture book that has brought so much into the lives of the people who work.

Houston Street, on the East Side, of an afternoon is always more crowded than Broadway. Push-carts line the street. The faces that you see are almost all Jewish—Jews of many different types; swarthy little men, most of them, looking undersized according to the Anglo-Saxon standard. Here and there a deep-chested mother of Israel sails along, majestic in *shietel* and shawl. These are the toilers—garment-makers, a great many



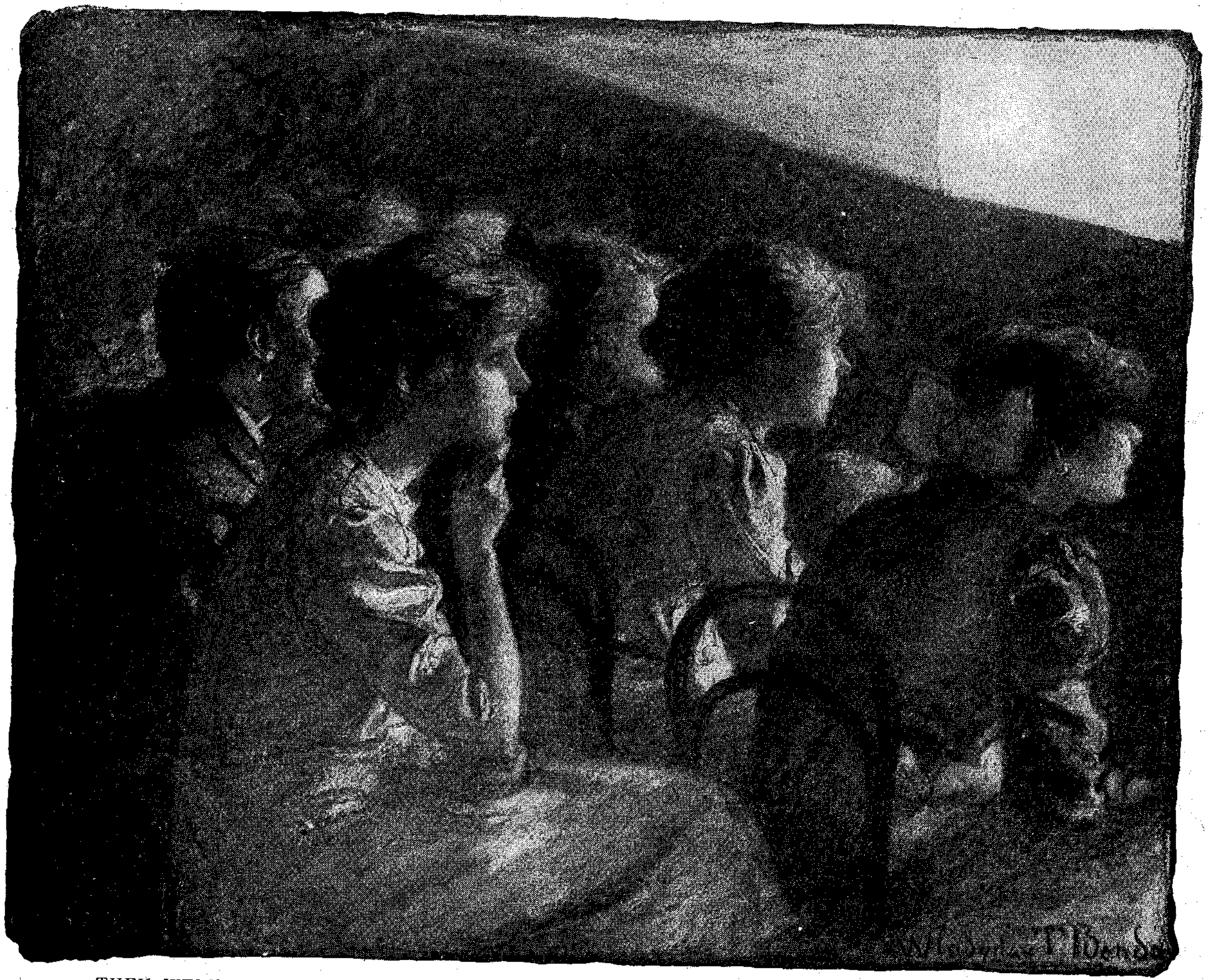
TICKET OFFICE

of them—people who work "by pants," as they say. A long and terrible workday they have to keep body and soul together. Their distractions are the streets, and the bargaining off the push-carts, and the show. For a continual trickle of people detaches itself from the crowded streets and goes into the good-sized hall; and around the entrance, too, wait little boys—eager-eyed little boys—with their tickets in their hands, trying to decoy those who enter into taking them in with them as guardians, because the city ordinances do not allow a child under sixteen to go in unaccompanied by an older person.

In the half-light the faces of the audience detach themselves into little pallid ovals, and, as you will always find in the city, it is an audience largely of men.

Behind us sat a woman with her escort. So rapt and entranced was she with what was happening on the stage that her voice accompanied all that happened—a little unconscious and lilting *obbligato*. It was the voice of a person unconscious that she spoke—speaking from the depths of emotion; a low voice, but perfectly clear, and the unconsciously spoken words dropped with the sweetness of running water. She spoke in German. One would judge her to be from some part of Austria. She herself was lovely in person and young, level-browed and clear-eyed, deep-chested; a beneficent and lovely woman one guessed her to be. And she had never seen Indians before; perhaps never heard of them.

The drama being enacted was the rescue from the bear pit of Yellow Wing, the lovely Indian maiden, by Dick the Trapper; his capture by the tribe, his escape with the connivance of Yellow Wing, who goes to warn him in his log house, their siege by the Indians, and final rescue by a splendid charge of the United States cavalry; these one saw riding with splendid abandon over hill and dale, and the marriage then and there of Yellow Wing and Dick by the gallant chaplain. A guileless and sentimental dime novel, most ingeniously performed; a work of art; beautiful, too, because one had glimpses of stately forests, sunlight shifting through leaves, wild, dancing



THEY WERE PERMITTED TO DRINK DEEP OF OBLIVION OF ALL THE TROUBLE IN THE WORLD forms of Indians, the beautiful swift rushing of horses. One must have had a heart of stone not to follow the adventures of Yellow Wing and Dick the Trapper with passionate interest.

But to the woman behind it was reality at its highest. She was there in a fabled country full of painted savages. The rapidly unfolding drama was to her no make-believe arrangement ingeniously fitted together by actors and picture-makers. It had happened; it was happening for her now.

"Oh!" she murmured. "That wild and terrible people! Oh, boy, take care, take care! Those wild and awful people will get you!" "*Das wildes und grausames Volk*," she called them. "Now—now—she comes to save her beloved!" This as Yellow Wing hears the chief plotting an attack on Dick the Trapper, and then flies fleet-foot through the forest. "Surely, surely, she will save her beloved!" It was almost a prayer; in the woman's simple mind there was no foregone conclusion of a happy ending. She saw no step ahead, since she lived the present moment so intensely.

When Yellow Wing and Dick were besieged within and Dick's hand was wounded—

"The poor child! how can she bear it? To see the *geliebte* wounded before one's very eyes!"

And when the cavalry thundered through the forest—

"God give that they arrive swiftly—to be in time they must arrive swiftly!" she exclaimed to herself.

Outside the iron city roared; before the door of the show the push-cart venders bargained and trafficked with customers. Who in that audience remembered it? They had found the door of escape. For the moment they were in the depths of the forest following the loves of Yellow Wing and Dick. The woman's voice, so like the voice of a spirit talking to itself, unconscious of time and place, was their voice. There they were, a strange company of aliens—Jews, almost all; haggard and battered and bearded men, young girls with their beaus, spruce and dapper youngsters beginning to make their way. In that humble playhouse one ran the gamut of the East Side. The American-born sat next to the emigrant who arrived but a week before. A strange and romantic people cast into the welter of the terrible city of New York, each of them with the overwhelming problem of battling with strange conditions and an alien civilization. And for the moment they were permitted to drink deep of oblivion of all the trouble in the world. Life holds some compensation, after all. The keener your intellectual capacity, the higher your artistic sensibilities are developed, just so much more difficult it is to find this total forgetfulness—a thing that for the spirit is as life-giving as sleep.

And all through the afternoon and evening this company of tired workers, overburdened men and women, fills the little halls scattered throughout the city and throughout the land.

There are motion-picture shows in New York that are as intensely local to the audience as to the audience of a Tuscan hill town. Down on Bleecker Street is the Church of Our Lady of Pompeii. Here women, on their way to work or to their brief marketing, drop in to say their prayers before their favorite saints in exactly the same fashion as though it were a little church in their own parish. Towards evening women with their brood of children go in; the children frolic and play subdued tag in the aisles, for church with them is an every-day affair, not a starched-up matter of Sunday only. Then, prayers finished, you may see a mother sorting out her own babies and moving on serenely to the picture show down the road—prayers first and amusement afterwards, after the good old Latin fashion.

It is on Saturday nights down here that the picture show reaches its high moment. The whole neighborhood seems to be waiting for a chance to go in. Every woman has a baby in her arms and at least two children clinging to her skirts. Indeed, so universal is this custom that a woman who goes there unaccompanied by a baby feels out of place, as if she were not properly dressed. A baby seems as much a matter-of-course adjunct to one's toilet on Bleecker Street as a picture hat would be on Broadway.

Every one seems to know every one else. As a new woman joins the throng other women cry out to her, gayly:

"Ah, good-evening, Concetta. How is Giuseppi's tooth?"

"Through at last," she answers. "And where are your twins?"

The first woman makes a gesture indicating that they are somewhere swallowed up in the crowd.

This talk all goes on in good North Italian, for the people on Bleecker Street are the Tuscan colony. There are many from Venice also, and from Milan and from Genoa. The South Italian lives on the East Side.

Then, as the crowd becomes denser, as the moment for the show approaches, they sway together, pushed on by those on the outskirts of the crowd. And yet every one is good-tempered. It is—

"Not so hard there, boy!"

"Mind for the baby!"

"Look out!"

Though indeed it doesn't seem any place for a baby at all, and much less so for the youngsters who aren't in their mothers' arms but are perilously engulfed in the swaying mass of people. But the situation is saved by Latin good temper and the fact that every one is out for a holiday.

By the time one has stood in this crowd twenty minutes and talked with the women and the babies, one has made friends, given an account of one's self, told how it was one happened to speak a little Italian, and where it was in Italy one had lived, for all the world as one gives an account of one's self when traveling through Italian hamlets. One answers the questions that Italian women love to ask:

"Are you married?"

"Have you children?"

"Then why aren't they at the picture show with you?"

This audience was an amused and an amusing audience; ready to laugh, ready to applaud. The young man next me had an ethical point of view. He was a serious, dark-haired fellow, and took his moving pictures seriously. He and his companion argued the case of the cowboy who stole because of his sick wife.

"He shouldn't have done it," he maintained.

"His wife was dying, *poveretta*:" his companion defended.

"His wife was a nice girl," said the serious young man. "You saw for yourself how nice a girl. One has but to look at her to see how good she is." He spoke as though of a real person he had met. "She would rather have died than have her husband disgrace himself."

"It turned out happily; through the theft she found her father again. He wasn't even arrested."

"It makes no difference," said the serious youth; "he had luck, that is all. He shouldn't have stolen. When she knows about it, it will break her heart."

Ethics were his strong point, evidently. He had something to say again about the old man who, in the Franco-Prussian War, shot a soldier and allowed a young man to suffer the death penalty in his stead. It was true that the old man's son had been shot and that there was no one else to care for the little grandson, and, while the critic admitted that that made a difference, he didn't like the idea. The dramas appealed to him from a philosophical standpoint; one gathered that he and his companion might pass an evening discussing whether, when a man is a soldier, and therefore pledged to fight for his country, he has a right to give up his life to save that of an old man, even though he is the guardian of a child.

Throughout the whole show, throughout the discussion going on beside me, there was one face that I turned to again and again. It was that of an eager little girl of ten or eleven, whose lovely profile stood out in violent relief from the dingy wall. So rapt was she, so spellbound, that she couldn't laugh, couldn't clap her hands with the others. She was in a state of emotion beyond any outward manifestation of it.

In the Bowery you get a different kind of audience. None of your neighborhood spirit here. Even in what is called the "dago show"—that is, the show where the occasional vaudeville numbers are Italian singers—the people seem chance-met; the audience is almost entirely composed of men, only an occasional woman.

It was here that I met the moving-picture show expert, the connoisseur, for he told me that he went to a moving-picture show every night. It was the best way that he knew of spending your evenings in New York, and one gathered that he had tried many different ways. He was in his early twenties, with a tough and honest countenance, and he spoke the dialect of the city of New York with greater richness than I have ever heard it spoken. He was ashamed of being caught by a compatriot in a "dago show."

"Say," he said, "dis is a bum joint. I don't know how I come to toin in here. You don't un'erstan' what that skoit's singin', do you? You betcher I don't!"

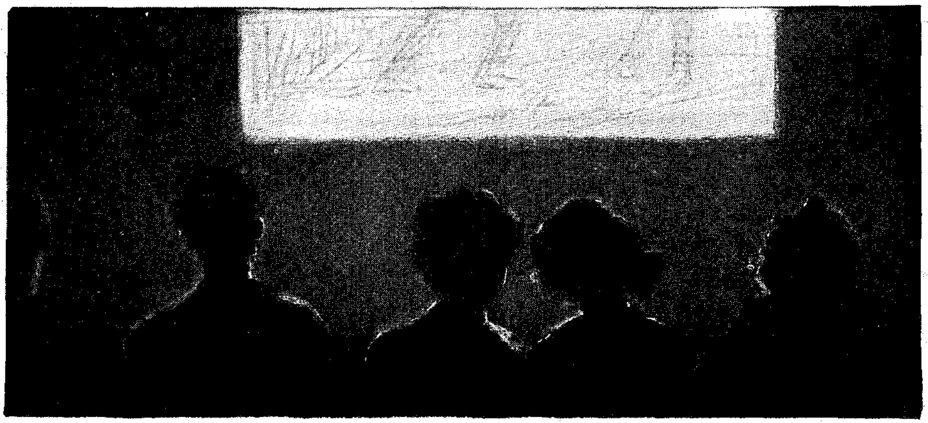
Not for worlds would he have understood a word of the inferior Italian tongue.

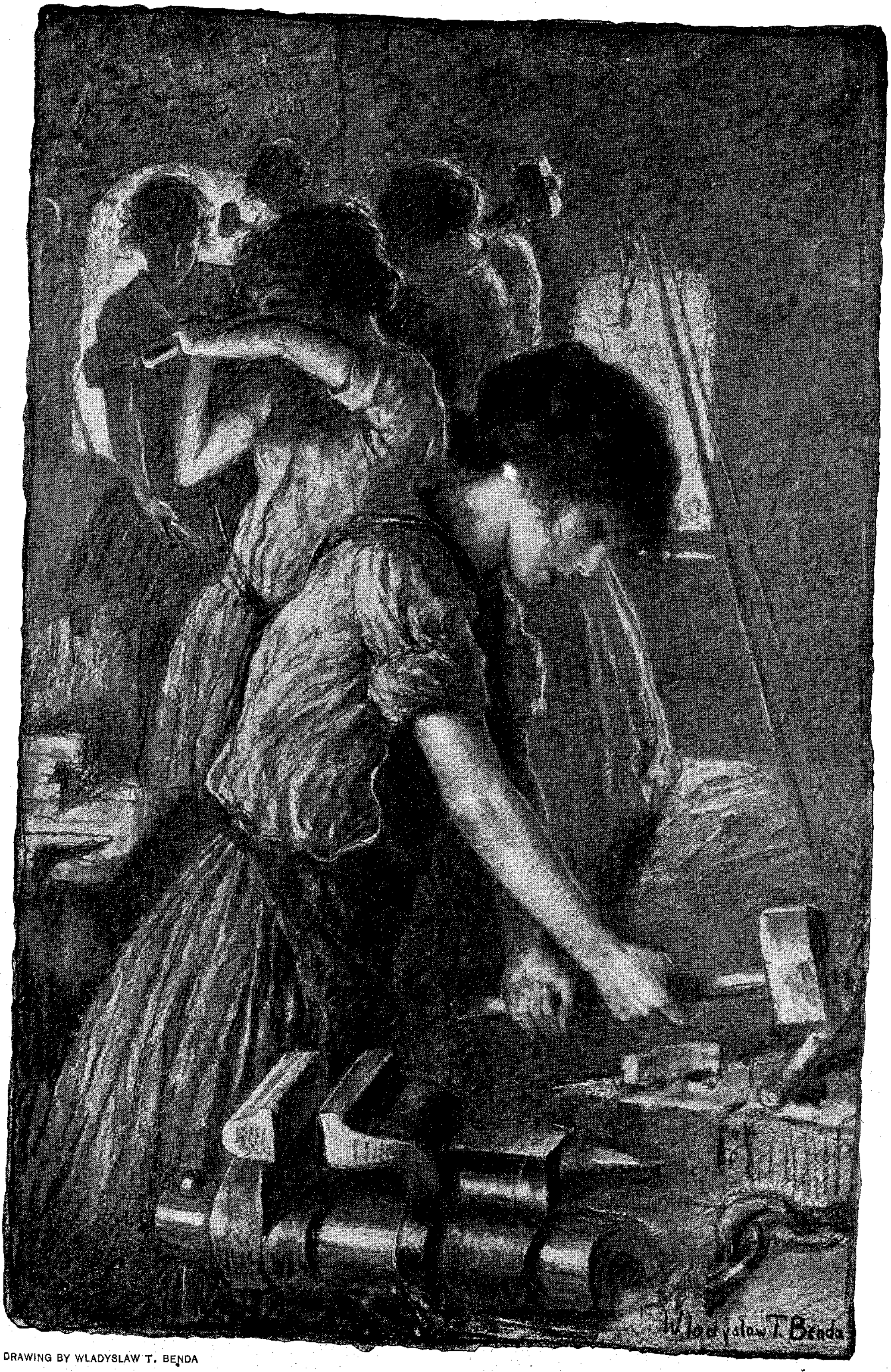
"I don't never come to dago moving-picter shows," he hastened to assure me. "Say, if youse wanter see a real show, beat it down to Grand Street. Dat's de real t'ing. Dese dago shows ain't got no good films. You hardly ever see a travel film; w'en I goes to a show, I likes to see the woild. I'd like travelin' if I could afford it, but I can't; that's why I like a good travel film. A good comic's all right, but a good travel film or an a'rioplane race or a battle-ship review—dat's de real t'ing! You don't get none here. I don't know what made me come here," he repeated. He was sincerely displeased with himself at being caught with the goods by his compatriots in a place that had no class, and the only way he could defend himself was by showing his fine scorn of the inferior race.

You see what it means to them; it means Opportunity—a chance to glimpse the beautiful and strange things in the world that you haven't in your life; the gratification of the higher side of your nature; opportunity which, except for the big moving picture book, would be forever closed to you. You understand still more how much it means opportunity if you happen to live in a little country place where the whole town goes to every change of films and where the new films are gravely discussed. Down here it is that you find the people who agree with my friend of the Bowery—that "travel films is de real t'ing." For those people who would like to travel they make films of pilgrims going to Mecca; films of the great religious processions in the holy city of Jerusalem; of walrus fights in the far North. It has even gone so far that in Melilla there was an order for the troops to start out; they sprang to their places, trumpets blew, and the men fell into line and marched off—all for the moving-picture show. They were angry—the troops—but the people in Spain saw how their armies acted.

In all the countries of the earth—in Sicily, and out in the desert of Arizona, and in the deep woods of America, and on the olive terraces of Italy—they are making more films, inventing new dramas with new and beautiful backgrounds, for the poor man's theater. In his own little town, in some far-off fishing village, he can sit and see the coronation, and the burial of a king, or the great pageant of the Roman Church.

It is no wonder that it is a great business with a capitalization of millions of dollars, since it gives to the people who need it most laughter and drama and beauty and a chance for once to look at the strange places of the earth.





DRAWING BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

THEIR SOOTY FIGURES, RHYTHMICALLY BENDING AND STRIKING

In Chains

By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant

ONE evening toward the end of last July the brick mission schoolhouse at Cradley Heath, a small village in the English Black Country, was crowded with workingwomen. This grim manufacturing region near Birmingham is dotted over with little villages, but Cradley Heath has long had an especially sinister fame as a place where women forge iron chains at cut-throat prices. The population lives entirely by chain-making; some of the chain is made in factories by the men, but a great part of it is hammered out by their wives and daughters at home.

It was these women blacksmiths, dressed in hats with scrawny feathers, wrapped in three-cornered shawls, with babies in their arms, who had assembled that evening, after a long day at their cottage forges, to discuss the new rates of wages. Chain-making is piece-work, paid so much per hundredweight. The piece rates paid by the employers have hitherto been so low that these women home workers had seldom in all their lives earned more than four or five or six shillings for each long grinding week at their forges. Their mothers and grandmothers before them had been as ill paid. Now the "Trade Board," they were told, had decided that they were to receive at least eleven shillings and threepence clear—more than twice as much—for each week of forty-eight hours. It did not seem surprising that they were bewildered at the thought of so great a lightening of their hereditary burden, and that their faces, worn and dull in the dim flare of the gaslight, looked anxiously toward the platform, where the London authorities were sitting. The Londoners, representatives of the Board and of the trades union, had come to receive protests in case the piece rates established also by the Board—that is, by representatives of workers, employers, and of the Government—would not, in the opinion of the workers, bring in the weekly time rate of eleven shillings and threepence.

The chairman read out the complex lists of rates in the midst of an excited babble of conversation and much screaming of babies.

"Well, are those all right?" she asked.

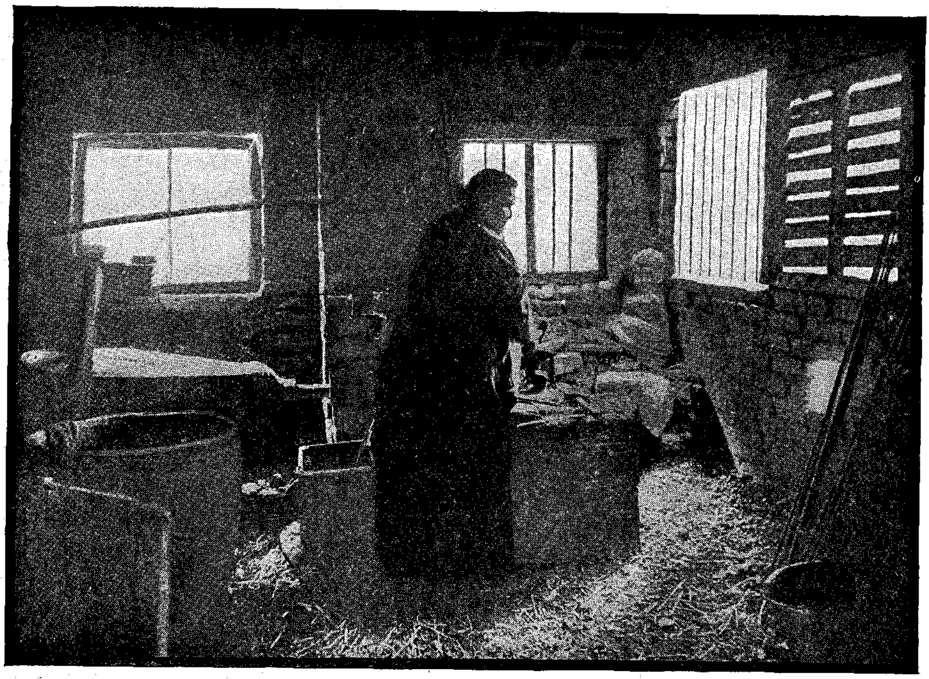
Complete silence followed her question. Even the children were quiet.

"Come, what do you think of these rates? What do *you* say, Mrs. Brown? Is something the matter with them?" She spoke to an old woman who sat in the front row, with an air of authority.

"Nay, not much the matter wi' that," answered Mrs. Brown, in her slow dialect, at last; "*not if we gits it.*"

Laughter, shakings of the head and of the bedraggled feathers, greeted this reply. It was pathetically evident that nobody believed that the law was strong enough to "get" them the fabulous sum of not quite three dollars per week. This was for some of them an increase of one hundred and fifty per cent on previous earnings.

A visit to the scene of their labors next morning made the reasons for their doubt and the necessity for the new law very clear. The village, with its rows of brick cottages, straggles over several miles of grime and is set in slag-heaps and dominated by a few factory chimneys. The street fronts betrayed nothing unusual, but the sound of hammers was in the air, and the side-alleys soon led us to the heart of the real Cradley Heath. Behind almost every house stands, in a heap of cinders, a small brick shop, half open to the air, with a forge in it. Here women bent over the red-hot coals on their anvils to heat their thin iron rods, pumped the



"WE LEARNS 'EM YOUNG"

bellows, hammered the glowing iron into curved links, joined these links to the long whitened coil of chain that lay on the cinder floor at their feet—all, as it were, in one flash of sparks, one crash of the hammer. They were incredibly quick and dexterous in their movements, but, instead of having the brawny arms and chests of the traditional blacksmith, they were most of them stunted, flat-chested, and their stooping shoulders had a one-sided twist, due, perhaps, to long pulling at the bellows. In most cases one saw a woman working alone surrounded by her children; babies crawled in the cinders; and children of twelve and thirteen, who had finished school, were already working at the forges.

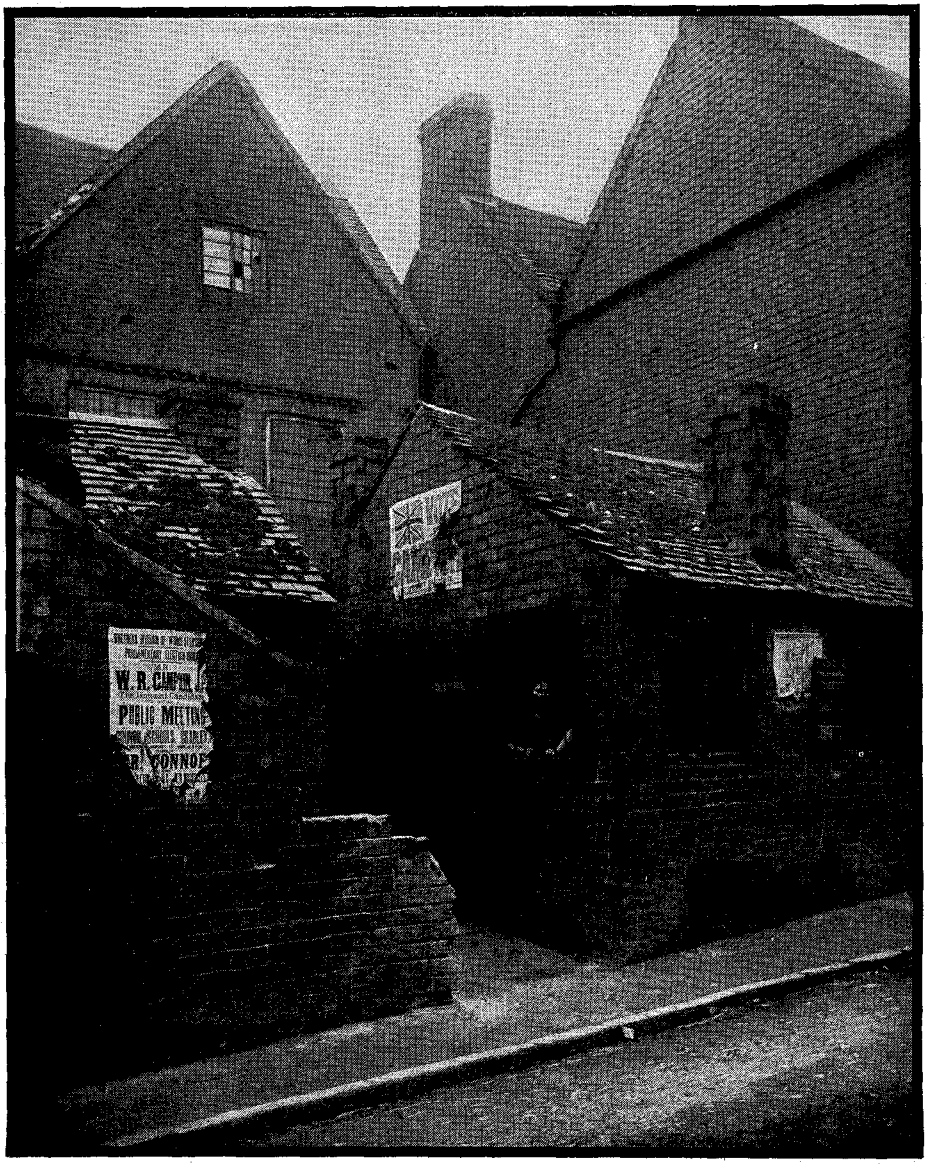
"They picks it up like eating," said one woman. "We learns 'em young," said another. It was difficult to understand why these blackened, starved creatures, who seemed scarcely women, should be bringing children into a world which for them would be merely a world of iron chains.

Occasionally there was a bigger shop, where three or four women, and sometimes a man or two, were working together. In such shops, we learned, women who had no forge of their own might rent one for sixpence a week. Sixpence more to deduct from the miserable five or six shillings a week earnings; the upkeep of forge, and tools, and fire is, in any case, at the charge of the workers, for the employers furnish only the raw iron.

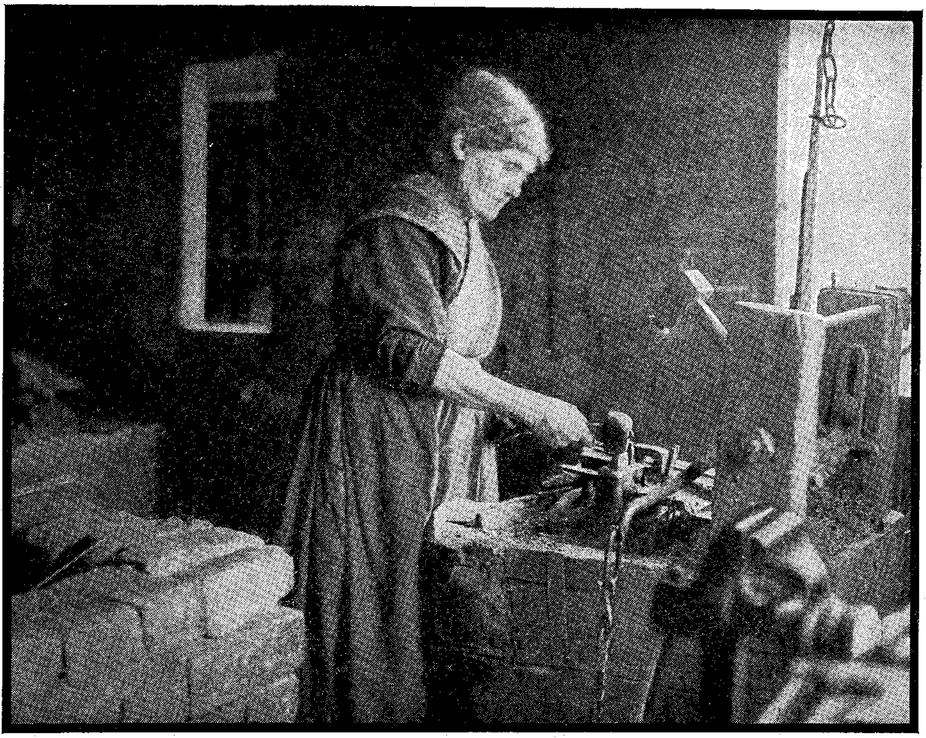
Still another type of shop—but there are fewer of these—is that where many girls work together for a small employer, instead of at home on the contract system. In one such shop, a long, black, tunnel-like place lined with glowing forges, with a great draught of air blowing through it, fifty girls were singing a hymn in a sort of wailing chorus to the flash and clang of their hammers. Their sooty figures, rhythmically bending and striking, had in the lurid half-light so enslaved and inhuman an aspect that we could hardly agree with the genial old employer when he said, referring to the hymn-singing: "You see, ladies, her's as happy as her can be!" He added that many women who did not need to work went on with their trade for sheer love of it, and sometimes even hired a servant to look after their households rather than leave their forges. It seems to be a fact that, working always in the air as they do, the women have no industrial disease.

Cradley Heath has, nevertheless, been a blot on English civilization. But it has now, just because of its black past, a very unusual, an almost utopian, opportunity to win a new reputation. As the seat of a small centralized "sweated" industry, it was chosen for the first application of the new Act of Parliament (Trade Boards Act, 1909) popularly known as the Minimum Wage, or "anti-sweating," Act, which applies to three other relatively simple industries—Nottingham lace-making, cardboard-box making, and certain branches of the wholesale tailoring trade, as well as to chain-making.

The object of this law, as its name implies, is to establish and enforce a fair standard minimum wage for the most underpaid and downtrodden classes of workers, for those who have been powerless—by organization or otherwise—to help themselves. It is, of course, intended for the special protection of women home workers, though it applies to both sexes and to trades as a whole. The authority to fix rates of wages is vested for each trade in a central board—called a Trade or Wages Board—organized under the



BEHIND ALMOST EVERY HOUSE STANDS, IN A HEAP OF CINDERS, A SMALL BRICK SHOP



HERE WOMEN HAMMERED THE GLOWING IRON INTO CURVED LINKS

direction of the English Labor Department (the Board of Trade) and made up of three elements: representatives elected by employers, the same number of representatives elected by workers, and a smaller number of members appointed by the Board of Trade to represent the Government and hold an impartial casting vote.

Women and home workers must be represented on the Board, and, when the trade is an extensive one, like the box-making and tailoring trades, every important industrial district has its fixed number of delegates on the Board. Local conditions are, moreover, studied in detail by "district trade committees," constituted on the same principle as the central boards, which report and confer with the latter on doubtful points. Almost every difficulty seems, indeed, to have been foreseen and obviated by the elaborate provisions of the Act: special rates, for example, for the aged and the handicapped; fair methods of election for the representatives of the workers, who would be less likely than employers to know one another's real qualifications for office; special inspectors with large powers; severe fines and penalties for infractions of the law, etc.

For, ever since 1890, when a select committee of the House of Lords reported the results of two years' investigation of "sweated" trades, the British public has been alive to the horrors that such trades involve and has been seeking to remedy them. In 1907 a committee of the House of Commons made another illuminating study of home work. This was followed by an exhibition at the London Guild Hall of the products of such work and the conditions of its manufacture, with rousing speeches by distinguished statesmen in favor of legislation similar in character to the Act that was finally passed in 1909 by the Liberal Government. Popular sentiment was behind the Government's measure, and it was only necessary to look across the ocean to one of England's own colonies to see the successful working of a similar law. In Victoria since 1896 a law regulating wages in all sweated industries had been in operation. The British Parliament, with an older civilization and more complex trades to consider, very wisely decided to begin in a smaller way. But the Act, which already affects at least 400,000 workers, provides for the extension of these Boards to other trades, subject to the approval of Parliament, if the first four experiments prove successful.

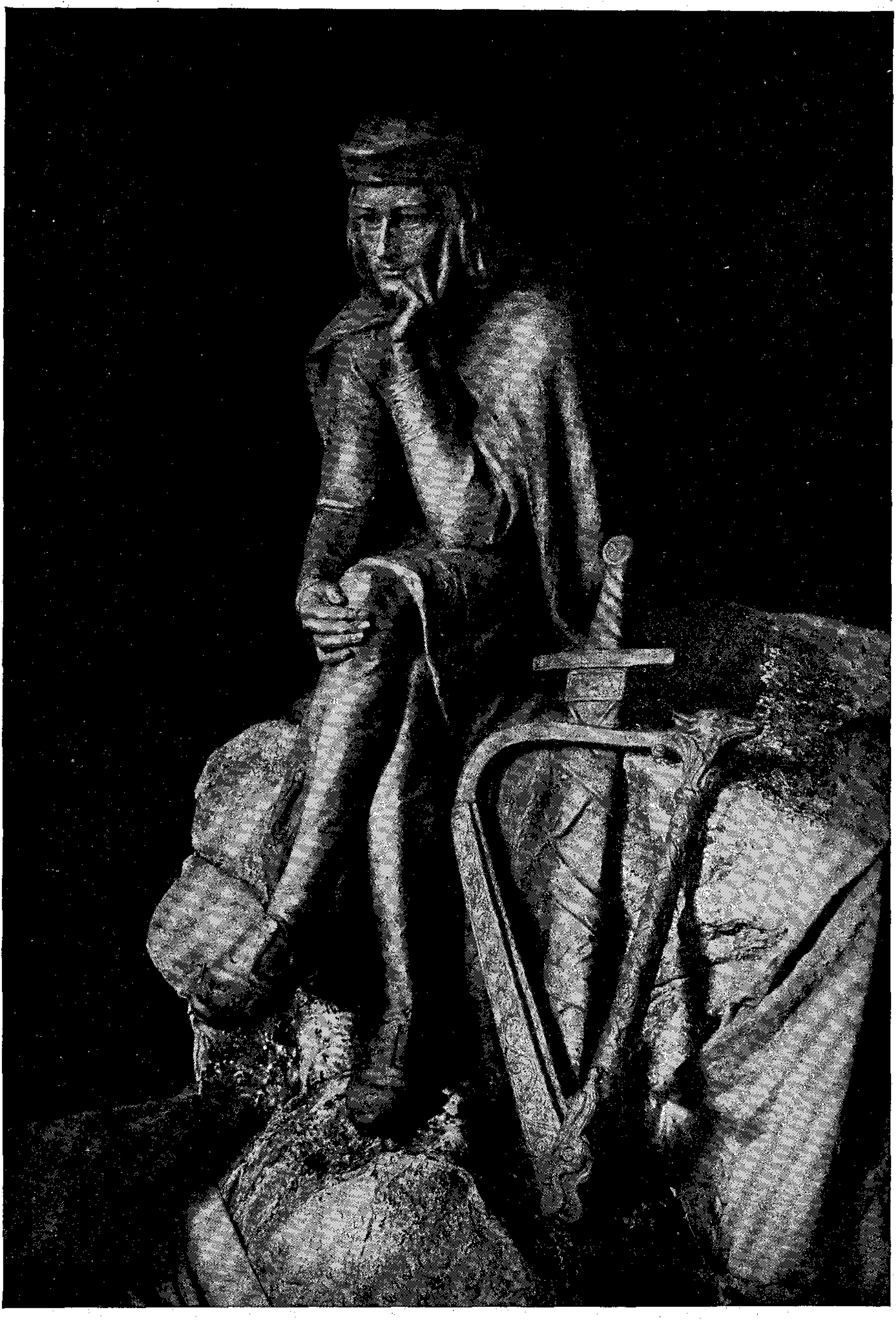
The Cradley Heath experiment is the only one that has yet been tested very far, and it is interesting to find that one of the most curious trade dislocations of modern times took place there immediately after the fixing of the new women's rates. Although the law provides for an intermediate period of six months, during which employers may, by signing special contracts with workers, continue on the old terms, it had not apparently been expected that advantage would be taken of this provision. For the leading manufacturers believed in the new law, and had acted admirably in helping to establish more equitable rates. They were accordingly no less alarmed than the mass of the workers themselves to discover that, just at the critical moment, on August 17, some of the smaller employers and contractors had persuaded many of the more ignorant women to contract away their rights for six months.

All the other employers, as organized in the Employers' Association, had no choice but to follow suit—that is, to keep to the old rates—for only thus could their unscrupulous rivals be prevented from piling up great quantities of chain for future use. But, realizing that the women had acted blindly—most of them could not read and thought they were signing "petitions"—the employers themselves urged a lockout of the women. They promised to help support the strike funds if the union would keep the women from working. All the English press, including the conservative "Times," took the chain-makers' part; funds poured into their coffers, and the six months' delay was triumphantly passed. Since January, 1911, the new rates have been in force, and the trade is in a more healthy condition than ever before.

This experience is therefore highly encouraging and stimulating to the beginnings of the other English trade boards which are getting well under way.

In France, where home work is ingrained in life and custom, and where much of the fine underwear of the world is made on the contract system, several projects for a minimum wage law to protect women home workers have been under active discussion in the Labor Office during the past year. Bills recently introduced in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Massachusetts are forcing the citizens of those States to consider the advisability of establishing wages boards in sweated industries. The problem of underpaid, overworked, and unprotected women's labor is, in fact, of vital economic concern the world over, and Americans who believe that the right of private contract is violated by legal determination of wages, or that such determination is impracticable, would do well to study foreign methods in the making.

CRADLEY HEATH



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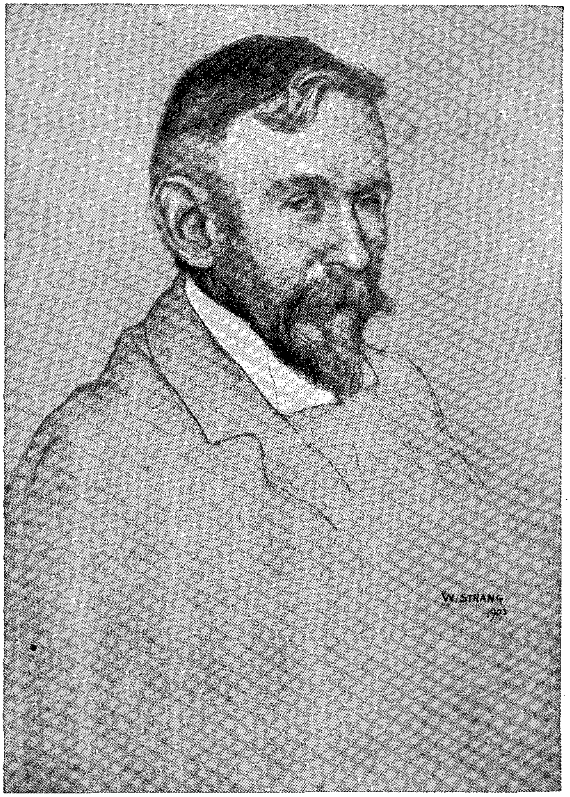

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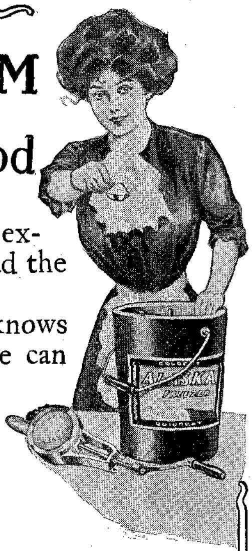

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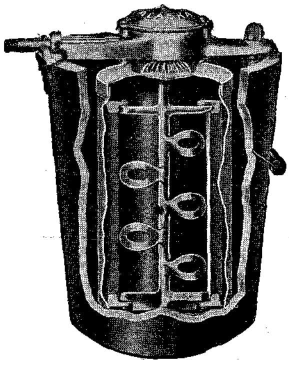

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